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L. L. Litt.

A
YEAR'S RESIDENCE

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;

TREATING OF THE FACE OF THE COUNTRY, THE CLIMATE, THE SOIL, THE PRODUCTS, THE MODE OF CULTIVATING THE LAND, THE PRICES OF LAND, OF LABOUR, OF FOOD, OF RAIMENT; OF THE EXPENSES OF HOUSE-KEEPING AND OF THE USUAL MANNER OF LIVING; OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS AND CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE; AND OF THE GOVERNMENT, LAWS AND RELIGION.

IN THREE PARTS.

—
BY WILLIAM COBBETT.
—

PART II.

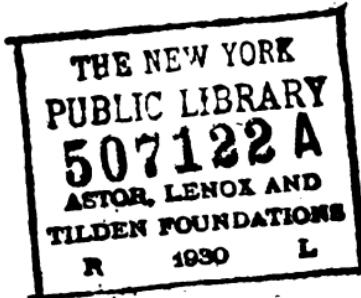
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1819.

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SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK; &c.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fourth day
(L. S.) of February, in the forty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, WILLIAM COBBETT, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor, in the words and figures following, to wit:

"A Year's Residence in the United States of America.
"Treating of the face of the Country, the Climate, the Soil,
"the Products, the mode of Cultivating the Land, the Prices
"of Land, of Labour, of Food, of Raiment; of the Expenses
"of House-keeping, and of the usual manner of Living; of
"the Manners, Customs, and Character of the People; and of
"the Government, Laws, and Religion. In Three Parts.
"By WILLIAM COBBETT. Part II."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "an Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

DEDICATION
TO
MR. RICHARD HINXMAN,
OF CHILLING, IN HAMPSHIRE.

North Hempstead, Long-Island, 15th Nov. 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE following little volume will give you some account of my agricultural proceedings in this fine and well-governed country ; and, it will also enable you to see clearly how favourable an absence of grinding taxation and tithes is to the farmer. You have already paid to fund-holders, standing armies and priests more money than would make a decent fortune for two children ; and, if the present system were to continue to the end of your natural life, you would pay more to support the idle and the worthless, than would maintain, during the same space of time, ten labourers and their families. The profits of your capital, care and skill are pawned by the boroughmongers to pay the interest of a debt, which they have contracted for their own purposes ; a debt, which never can, by ages of toil and of sufferings, on the part of the people, be either paid off or diminished. But, I trust, that deliverance from this worse than Egyptian bondage is now near at hand. The atrocious tyranny does but stagger along. At every step it discovers fresh proofs of impotence. It must come down ; and when it is down, we shall not have to envy the farmers of America, or of any country in the world.

When you reflect on the blackguard conduct of the *Parsons* at Winchester, on the day when I last had the pleasure to see you and our excellent friend Goldsmith, you will rejoice to find, that,

throughout the whole of this extensive country, there exists not one single animal of that description ; so that we can here keep as many cows, sows, ewes and hens as we please, with the certainty, that no prying, greedy Parson will come to eat up a part of the young ones. How long shall we Englishmen suffer our cow-stalls, our styes, our folds and our hen-roosts to be the prey of this prowling pest ?

In many parts of the following pages you will trace the remarks and opinions back to conversations that have passed between us, many times, in Hampshire. In the making of them my mind has been brought back to the feelings of those days. The certainty, that I shall always be beloved by you constitutes one of the greatest pleasures of my life ; and I am sure, that you want nothing to convince you, that I am unchangeably,

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

Wm. COBBETT.

PART II.

C O N T E N T S.

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P R E F A C E

TO THE
SECOND AND THIRD PARTS.

157. In the First Part I adopted the mode of *numbering the paragraphs*, a mode which I shall pursue to the end of my work ; and, as the whole work may, at the choice of the purchaser, be bound up in one volume, or remain in two volumes, I have thought it best to resume the numbering at the point where I stopped at the close of the First Part. The last paragraph of that Part was 156 : I, therefore, now begin with 157.

158. For the same reason I have, in the Second Part, resumed the *paging* at the point where I stopped in the First Part. I left off with page 134 ; and, I begin with 135. I have, in like manner, resumed the *chaptering* : so that, when the two volumes are put together, they will, as to these matters, form but one ; and those who may have purchased the volumes separately, will possess the same book, in all respects, as those who shall purchase the Three Parts in one Volume.

159. Paragraph 1. (Part I.) contains my reasons for numbering the paragraphs, but besides the reasons there stated, there is one, which did not then occur to me, and which was left to be suggested by experience, of a description which I did not then anticipate ; namely, that, in the case of *more than one edition*, the *paging* may, and generally does, differ in such manner as to bring the matter, which,

in one edition, is under any given page, under a different page in another edition. This renders the work of *reference* very laborious at best, and, in many cases, it defeats its object. If the paragraphs of BLACKSTONE'S *COMMENTARIES* had been numbered, how much valuable time it would have saved! I am now about to send a second edition of the First Part of this work to the press. I am quite careless about the *paging*: that is to say; so that the whole be comprised within the 134 pages, it is of no consequence whether the matter take, with respect to the pages, precisely the same situation that it took before; and, if the paging were not intended to join on to that of the present volume, it would be no matter what were the number of pages upon the whole. I hope, that these reasons will be sufficient to convince the reader, that I have not, in this case, been actuated by a love of singularity. We live to learn, and to make improvements, and every improvement must, at first, be a singularity.

160. Something, upon this occasion, seems necessary to be said as to the *price* of the First Part of this work, which many persons have thought too high, and some, having the opportunity, have had the candour to express their opinion to me: In the first place, 40 cents out of the 100 are allowed to Booksellers who sell the books for me; and, when the paper, the print, the binding and the advertising are paid for, let the reader judge what there can be to remain for the *author*; for, let it be borne in mind, that, here, there is an author who is to have *something*, which is not the case when a book is re-printed from an edition, which is at the command of every one, and which is the property of no one. Besides, supposing that *quantity alone* be to be the standard of value as relating to books: if the reader examine a little, he will find, I believe, few cheaper books, if he judge by quantity of *print*.

Neatness and due proportion forbid, according to my taste, the spreading of small quantities of matter over a large space. Were it not, that others have a right to spread their matter out as much as they please ; and had I not already said enough upon such a subject, I could name several *re-printed* books, which are sold at a dollar, and which contain much less matter than is contained in the First Part of this work.

161. The utility, which I thought would arise from *hastening* out of the First Part, in June last, previous to the time for sowing Swedish Turnips, induced me to make an ugly breach in the *order* of my little work ; and, as it generally happens, that when disorder is once begun, it is very difficult to restore order ; so, in this case, I have been exceedingly puzzled to give to the matter of these two last parts such an arrangement as should be worthy of a work, which, whatever may be the character of its execution, treats of subjects of great public interest. However, with the help of the Index, which I shall subjoin to the Third Part, and which will comprise a reference to the divers matters in all the three parts, and in the making of which Index an additional proof of the advantage of numbering the paragraphs will appear ; with the help of this Index the reader will, I am in hopes, be enabled to overcome, without any very great trouble, the inconveniences naturally arising from a want of a perfectly good arrangement of the subjects of the work.

162. As the First Part closes with a promise to communicate the result of my experiments of this present year, I begin the *Second Part* with a fulfilment of that promise, particularly with regard to the *procuring of manure by the burning of earth into ashes*.

163. I then proceed with the other matters named in the title ; and the *Third Part* I make to

consist of an account of the *Western Countries*, furnished in the Notes of Mr. HULME, together with a view of the advantages and disadvantages of preferring, as a place to farm in, those Countries to the Countries bordering on the Atlantic ; in which view I have included such remarks as appear to me likely to be useful to those *English Farmers*, who can no longer bear the lash of Boroughmongering oppression and insolence.

164. Multifariousness is a great fault in a written work of any kind. I feel the consciousness of this fault upon this occasion. The facts and opinions relative to Swedish Turnips and Cabbages will be very apt to be enfeebled in their effect by those relating to manners, laws, and religion. Matters so heterogeneous, the one class treated of in the detail and the other in the great, ought not to be squeezed together between the boards of the same small volume. But, the fault is committed, and it is too late to repine.

165. There are, however, two subjects which I will treat of distinctly hereafter. The first is that of *Fencing*, a subject which presses itself upon the attention of the American Farmer, but from which he turns with feelings like those, with which a losing tradesman turns from an examination of his books. But, attend to it he *must* before it be long ; or his fields, in the populous parts of this Island at least, must lay waste, and his fuel must be brought him from Virginia or from England. Some time before March next I shall publish an *Essay on Fencing*. The form shall correspond with that of this work, in order that it may be bound up with it, if that should be thought desirable. The other subject is that of *Gardening*. This I propose to treat of in a small distinct volume, under some appropriate title ; and, in this volume, to give alphabetically, a description of *all the plants*, cultivated for the use of the *table*, and also of those cultivated as *cattle*.

food. To this description I shall add an account of their properties, and instructions for the cultivation of them in the best manner. It is not my intention to go beyond what is aptly enough called the *Kitchen Garden*; but, as a *hot-bed* may be of such great use even to the farmer; and as ample materials for making beds of this sort are *always* at his command without any *expense*, I shall endeavour to give plain directions for the making and managing of a hot-bed. A bed of this sort, fifteen feet long, has given me, this year, the best part of an acre of fine cabbages to give to hogs in the parching month of *July*. This is so very simple a matter. It is so very easy to learn; that there is scarcely a farmer in America, who would not put the thing in practice, at once, with complete success.

166. Let not my countrymen, who may happen to read this, suppose, that these, or any other, pursuits will withdraw my attention from, or slacken my zeal in, that cause, which is common to us all. That cause claims, and has, my first attention and best exertion; that is the *business* of my life: these other pursuits are my *recreation*. King ALFRED allowed eight hours for *recreation*, in the twenty-four, eight for *sleep*, and eight for *business*. I do not take my allowance of the two former.

167. The reader, when he shall perceive (for he will perceive) *errors* in this work, will please to bear in mind, that it has been printed at twenty miles distance from the writer, without an opportunity afforded him of looking over the sheets after printed. This was the case with the First Part; and, that circumstance considered, it was very correct; though there were some errors, two of which I think it necessary to notice here. The first is in the Journal, 7th August, "*Early Peas ripe.*" It should have been *Pears*. See the consequence of leaving out a letter! In paragraph 75, the word *transplant*, just before the parenthe-

146 PREFACE TO THE SECOND AND THIRD PARTS.

sis, should be *translate*. There are, doubtless, several errors in point of *Grammar*: indeed, I have noticed one or two such; but, the above two are the only instances, in which, as far as I have observed, my *meaning* is not expressed.

168. Upon looking into the First Part, I see, that I expressed a hope to be able to give, in some part of my work, a sketch of the work of Mr. TULL. I have looked at TULL, and I cannot bring my mind up to the commission of so horrid an act as that of garbling such a work. It was, perhaps, a feeling, such as that which I experience at this moment, which restrained Mr. CURWEN from even *naming* TULL, when he gave one of TULL's experiments to the world as a *discovery of his own*. Unable to screw himself up to commit a murder, he contented himself with a robbery; an instance, he may, indeed, say, of singular moderation and self-denial; especially when we consider of what a corrupt, perjured, cruel and obdurate banditti and buccaneering crew he has, with little intermission, been an "Honourable Member" for the last thirty years of his life.

Wm. COBBETT.

North Hempstead, Long- }
Island, 15 Nov. 1818. }

YEAR'S RESIDENCE, &c.

CHAP. III.

EXPERIMENTS, IN 1818, AS TO CABBAGES.

Preliminary Remarks.

169. At the time when I was writing the First Part, I expected to be able to devote more time to my farming, during the summer, than I afterwards found that I could so devote without neglecting matters which I deem of greater importance. I was, indeed, obliged to leave the greater part of my out-door's business wholly to my men, merely telling them what to do. However, I attended to the things which I thought to be of the most importance. The field culture of Carrots, Parsnips and Mangle Wurzle I did not attempt. I contented myself with a crop of Cabbages and of Ruta Baga, and with experiments as to Earth-burning and Transplanting Indian Corn. The summer and the fall also have been *remarkably* dry in *Long-Island*: much more dry than is usual. The grass has been very short indeed. A sort of grass-hopper, or cricket, has eaten up a considerable part of the grass and of all vegetables, the leaves of which have come since the month of June. I am glad, that this has been the case; for I now know what a farmer may do in the *worst of years*; and, when I consider what the summer has been, I look at my Cabbages and Ruta Baga with surprise as well as with satisfaction.

Cabbages.

170. I had some hogs to keep, and as my Swedish Turnips (*Ruta Baga*) would be gone in July, or before, I wished them to be succeeded by Cabbages. I made a *hot-bed* on the 20th of March, which ought to have been made more than a month earlier ; but, I had been in Pennsylvania, and did not return home till the 13th of March. It requires a little time to mix and turn the dung in order to prepare it for a hot-bed ; so that mine was not a very good one ; and then my *frame* was hastily patched up, and its covering consisted of some old *broken* sashes of windows. A very shabby concern ; but, in this bed I sowed *Cabbages* and *Cauliflowers*. The seed came up, and the plants, though standing too thick, grew pretty well. From this bed, they would, if I had had time, been transplanted into another, at about two and a half or three inches apart. But, such as they were, very much drawn up, I began planting them out as soon as they were about four inches high.

171. It was the 12th of May before they attained this height, and I then began planting them out in a piece of ground, pretty good, and deeply ploughed by oxen. My Cauliflowers, of which there were about three thousand, were *too late to flower*, which they never will do, unless the flower have begun to show itself before the great heat comes. However, these plants grew *very large*, and afforded a great quantity of food for pigs. The outside leaves and stems were eaten by sows, store pigs, a cow and some oxen ; the hearts, which were very tender and nearly of the Cauliflower taste, were boiled in a large cast-iron cauldron, and, mixed with a little rye-meal, given to sows and young pigs. I should suppose, that these three thousand plants weighed twelve thousand pounds, and they stood upon about half an acre of land. I gave these to the animals *early in July*.

172. The Cabbages, sown in the bed consisted partly of Early Yorks, the seed of which had been sent me along with the Cauliflower seed from England, and had reached me at Harrisburgh in Pennsylvania ; and partly of plants, the seed of which had been given me by Mr. JAMES PAUL, Sen. of Bustleton, as I was on my return home. And this gave me a pretty good opportunity of ascertaining the facts as to the *degenerating of Cabbage seed*. Mr. PAUL, who attended very minutely to all such matters ; who took great delight in his garden ; who was a reading as well as a practical farmer, told me, when he gave me the seed, that it would not produce loaved Cabbages so early as my own seed would ; for, that, though he had always selected the earliest heads for seed, the seed degenerated, and the Cabbages regularly came to perfection later and later. He said, that he should never save Cabbage seed himself ; but, that it was such chance work to buy of seedsmen, that he thought it best to save some at any rate. In this case, all the plants from the English seed produced solid loaves by the 24th of June, while from the plants of the Pennsylvania seed, we had not a single solid loaf till the 28th of July, and, from the chief part of them, not till mid-August.

173. This is a great matter. Not only have you the food earlier, and so much earlier, from the genuine seed,, but your ground is occupied so much less time by the plants. The plants very soon showed, by their appearance, what would be the result ; for, on the 2nd of June, Miss SARAH PAUL, a daughter of Mr. JAMES PAUL, saw the plants, and while these from the English seed were even then beginning to loaf, those from her father's were nothing more than bunches of spreading leaves, having no appearance of forming a head. However, they succeeded the plants from the English seed : and, the whole, besides, what

were used in the house, were given to the animals. As many of the white loaves as were wanted for the purpose were boiled for sows and small pigs, and the rest were given to lean pigs and the horn-cattle : and a fine resource they were ; for so dry was the weather, and the devastation of the grass-hoppers so great, that we had scarce any grass in any part of the land ; and if I had not had the Cabbages I must have resorted to the Indian Corn, or grain of some sort.

174. But, these spring Cabbage plants were to be succeeded by others to be eaten in September and onwards to January. Therefore, on the 27th of May, I sowed in the natural ground eleven sorts of Cabbages, some of the seed from England and some got from my friend MR. PAUL. I have noticed the extreme drought of the season. Nevertheless, I have now about two acres of Cabbages of the following description. Half an acre of Early Salisbury (earliest of all Cabbages) and Early York ; about 3 quarters of an acre of the Drum-head and other late Cabbages ; and about the same quantity of green Savoys. The first class are fully loafed and bursting : with these I now feed my animals. These will be finished by the time that I cut off my Swedish Turnip Greens, as mentioned in Part I. Paragraph 136. Then about mid-December, I shall feed with the second class, the Drum-heads and other late Cabbages. Then, those which are not used before the hard frost sets in, I shall put up, to be used through the month of January.

175. Ay ! Put them up ; but how ? No scheme that industry or necessity ever sought after, or that experience even suggested, with regard to the preserving of Cabbages, did I leave untried last year ; and in every scheme but one I found some inconvenience. Taking them up and replanting them closely in a sloping manner and covering them with straw ; putting them in pits ; hanging them up in a

barn ; turning their heads downwards and covering them with earth, leaving the root sticking up in the air : in short every scheme except one, was attended with great labour, and some forbade the hope of being able to preserve any considerable quantity ; and this one was as follows : I made a sort of *land* with the plough, and made it pretty level at top. Upon this land I laid some straw. I then took the Cabbages, turned them upside down, and placed them (first taking off all decayed leaves) about six abreast upon the straw. Then covered them not very thickly, with leaves raked up in the woods, flinging now and then a little dirt (boughs of any sort would be better) to prevent the leaves from being carried off by the wind. So that when the work was done, the thing was a bed of leaves with Cabbage-roots sticking up through it. I only put on enough leaves to *hide all the green*. If the frost came and prevented the taking up of the Cabbages, roots and all, they might be cut off *close to the ground*. The root, I dare say, is of no use in the preservation. In the month of *April* and *May*, I took Cabbages of all sorts from this *land* perfectly good and fresh. The quantity, preserved thus was small ; it might amount to 200 Cabbages ; but, it was quite sufficient for the purpose. Not only did the Cabbages *keep* better in this than in any other way, but they were *at all times ready*. The frost had *locked up* all those which were covered with earth, and those which lay with heads upwards and their roots in the ground *were rotting*. But, to this *land*, I could have gone at any time, and have brought away, if the quantity had been large, a wagon load in ten minutes. If they had been *covered with snow* (no matter how deep) by uncovering twenty feet in length. (a work of little labour) half a ton of Cabbages would have been got at. This year, thinking that my *Savoy*s, which are, at once, the best in quality and best to keep, of all win-

ter Cabbages, may be of use to send to New-York, I have planted them between rows of *Broom Corn*. The Broom Corn is in *rows*, eight feet apart. This enabled us to plough deep between the Broom Corn, which, though in poor land, has been very fine. The heads are cut off; and now the *stalks* remain to be used as follows: I shall make *lands* up the piece, cut off the stalks and lay them, first a layer longways and then a layer crossways, upon the *lands*. Upon these I shall put my Savoys turned upside down: and, as the stalks will be more than sufficient for this purpose, I shall lay some of them *over* instead of dirt or boughs, as mentioned before. Perhaps the leaves of the Broom Corn, which are lying about in great quantities, may suffice for covering. And, thus, all the materials for the work are upon the spot.

176. In quitting this matter, I may observe, that to cover Cabbages thus in gardens as well as fields, would, in many cases, be of great use in *England*, and of still more use in *Scotland*. Sometimes, a quick succession of frost, snow and thaw will completely *rot* every loaved Cabbage even in the South of *England*. Indeed no reliance is placed upon Cabbages for use, as cattle food, later than the month of *December*. The bulk is so large that a protection by *houses* of any sort cannot be thought of. Besides, the Cabbages, put together in large masses would *heat* and quickly rot. In gentlemen's gardens, indeed, Cabbages are put into houses, where they are hung up by the heels. But, they *wither* in this state, or they soon *putrify* even here. By adopting the mode of preserving, which I have described above, all these inconveniences would be avoided. Any quantity might be preserved either in fields or in gardens at a very trifling expense, compared with the bulk of the crop.

177. As to the application of my Savoys, and part of the Drum-heads too, indeed, if I find Cabba-

ges very dear, at New-York in winter, I shall send them ; if not, there they are for my cattle and pigs. The weight of the Savoys will not be less, I should think, than *ten tons*. The plants were put out by two men in one day ; and I shall think it very hard if two men do not put the whole completely up *in a week*. The Savoys are very fine. A little too late planted out ; but still very fine ; and they were planted out under a burning sun, and without a drop of rain for weeks afterwards. So far from taking any *particular* pains about these Savoys, I did not see them planted, and I never saw them for more than two months after they were planted. The ground for them was prepared thus : the ground, in each interval between the Broom Corn, had been some little time before, ploughed *to* the rows. This left a *deep furrow* in the middle of the interval. Into this furrow I put the manure. It was a mixture of good mould and dung from piggies. The wagon went up the interval, and the manure was drawn out and tumbled into the furrow. Then the plough went twice on each side of the furrow, and turned the earth over the manure. This made a *ridge*, and upon this ridge the plants were planted as quickly after the plough as possible.

178. Now, then, what is the *trouble* ; what is the *expense*, of all this ? The seed was excellent. I do not recollect ever having seen so large a piece of the Cabbage kind with so few spurious plants. But though *good* Cabbage seed is of *high price*, I should suppose, that the seed did not cost me a *quarter of a dollar*. Suppose however it had cost *ten quarters of a dollar*. What would that have been compared to the worth of the crop ? For what is the worth of *ten tons* of green, or moist food, in the month of March or April ?

179. The Swedish Turnip is, indeed, still more *conveniently* preserved, and is a *richer* food ; but, there are some reasons for making part of the

year's provision to consist of Cabbages. As far as a thing may depend on chance, two chances are better than one. In the summer and fall Cabbages get ripe, and as I have observed, in Part I. Paragraph 143, the Ruta Baga (which we will call Swedish Turnip for the future) is not so good till it be ripe; and it is a great deal better when kept till February, than when used in December. This matter of ripeness is worthy of attention. Let any one eat a piece of *white cabbage*; and then eat a piece of the same sort of cabbage *young and green*. The first he will find *sweet*, the latter *bitter*. It is the same with Turnips, and all roots. There are some apples wholly uneatable till *kept a while*, and then delicious. This is the case with the Swedish Turnip. Hogs will, indeed, always *eat it*, young or old; but, it is not nearly so good early as it is when kept till February. However, in default of other things, I would feed with it even in November.

180. For these reasons I would have my due proportion of Cabbages, and I would always if possible have some green Savoys; for, it is with Cabbages, too, not only *quantity* which we ought to think of. The Drum-head, and some others, are called *cattle-cabbage*; and hence in England, there is an idea, that the more delicate kinds of Cabbage are *not so good* for cattle. But, the fact is that they are as much *better* for cattle, than the coarse Cabbages are, as they are better for us. It would be strange indeed, that reversing the principle of our general conduct we should give Cabbage of the best quality to cattle, and keep that of the worst quality for ourselves. In London, where taxation has kept the streets as clear of bits of meat left on bones as the hogs endeavour to keep the streets of New-York, there are people who go about selling "*dog's meat*." This consists of boiled garbage. But, it is not pretended, I suppose, that dogs will *not eat roast-beef*; nor is it, I suppose, imagined,

that they would not prefer the roast-beef if they had their choice. Some people pretend, that garbage and carrion are *better* for dogs than beef and mutton are. That is to say, it is *better for us* that they should live upon things which we ourselves loath, than that they should share with us. Self-interest is, but too frequently a miserable logician.

181. However, with regard to cattle, sheep and pigs, as we intend to *eat them*, their claim to our kindness is generally more patiently and impartially attended to than that of the poor dogs ; though that of the latter, founded, as it is, on their sagacity, their fidelity, their real utility, as the guardians of our folds, our homesteads and our houses, and, as the companions, or, rather, the givers, of our healthful sports, is ten thousand times more strong, than that of animals which live to eat, sleep and grow fat. But, to return to the Cabbages, the fact is, that all sorts of animals, which will eat them at all, like the most delicate kinds best ; and, as some of these are also the *earliest* kinds, they ought to be cultivated for cattle. Some of the larger kinds may be cultivated *too* ; but they cannot be got ripe till the fall of the year. Nor is the difference in the *weight* of the crop so great as may be imagined. On the same land, that will bear a Drum-head of *twenty pounds*, an Early York, or Early Battersea, will weigh *four pounds* ; and these may be *fifteen inches* asunder in the row, while the Drum-head requires *four feet*. Mind, I always suppose the rows to be *four feet* apart, as stated in the first part of this work, and for the reasons there stated. Besides the advantages of having some Cabbages *early*, the early ones remain so little time upon the ground. Transplanted Swedish Turnips or Buckwheat, or late Cabbages, especially Savoys, may always follow them the same year upon the same land. My early Cabbages, this year, have been followed by a second crop of the same, and now

(mid-November) they are hard and white, and we are giving them to the animals.

182. There is a convenience attending Cabbages, which attends no other of the cattle plants, namely, that of raising the *plants* with very little trouble, and upon a small bit of ground. A *little bed* will give plants for an acre or two. The expense of *seed*, even of the dearest kinds, is a mere trifle, not worth any man's notice.

183. For these reasons I adhere to Cabbages as the companion crop of Swedish Turnips. The Mangle Wurzle *lies long in the ground*. In seasons of great drought it comes up *unevenly*. The weeds get the start of it. Its tillage must begin before it hardly shows itself. It is of the nature of the Beet, and it requires the cares which the Beet requires. The same may be said of Carrots and Parsnips. The Cabbage, until it be fit to plant out, occupies hardly any ground. One hour's work clears the bed of weeds, and there the plants are always ready, when the land is made ready. The Mangle Wurzle *root*, if quite ripe, is richer than a white-loaved Cabbage : but, it is not more easily preserved, and will not produce a larger crop. Cattle will eat the *leaves*, but hogs will not, when they can get the *leaves* of Cabbages. Nevertheless, *some* of this root may be cultivated. It will *fat an ox well* ; and it will *fat sheep well*. Hogs will do well on it in winter. I would, if I were a settled farmer, have *some* of it, but, it is not a thing upon which I would place my *dependence*.

184. As to the time of sowing Cabbages, the first sowing should be in a hot-bed, so as to have the plants *a month old when the frost leaves the ground*. The second sowing should be *when the natural ground has become warm enough to make the weeds begin to come up freely*. But, seed-beds of Cabbages, and, indeed, of every thing, should be *in the open air* : not under a fence, whatever may be the

aspect. The plants are sure to be weak, if sown in such situations. They should have the air coming freely to them in every direction. In a hot-bed, the seed should be sown in rows three inches apart, and the plants might be thinned out to one in a quarter of an inch. This would give about *three thousand plants* in a bed *ten feet long and five wide*. They will stand thus to get to a tolerable size without injuring each other, if the bed be well managed as to *heat* and air. In the open ground, where room is plenty, the rows may be a foot apart, and the plants two inches apart in the rows. This will allow of *lining*, and here the plants will grow very finely. Mind, a *large* Cabbage plant, as well as a large Turnip plant, is *better* than a small one. All will grow, if well planted; but, the large plant will grow best, and will, in the end, be the finest Cabbage.

185. We have a way in England, of greatly improving the plants; but I am almost afraid to mention it, lest the American reader should be *frightened* at the bare thought of the *trouble*. When the plants, in the seed-bed, have got leaves about an inch broad, we take them up and transplant them in *fresh ground*, at about *four inches apart each way*. Here they get *stout* and *straight*; and, in about three weeks' time, we transplant them again into the ground where they are to come to perfection. This is called *pricking out*. When the plant is removed the second time, it is found to be furnished with new roots, which have shot out of the butts of the long tap, or forked, roots, which have shot out from the seed. It, therefore, *takes again* more readily to the ground, and has some earth adhere to it in its passage. One hundred of pricked-out plants are always looked upon as worth three hundred from the seed-bed. In short, no man, in England, unless he be extremely negligent, ever *plants out* from the seed-bed. Let any farmer try

this method with only a score of plants. He may do it with *three minutes'* labour. Surely he may spare *three minutes*, and I will engage, that, if he treat these plants afterwards as he does the rest, and, if all be treated well, and the crop a *fair* one, the three minutes will give him fifty pounds weight of any of the larger sorts of cabbages. Plants are *thus* raised, then taken up and tied neatly in bundles, and then brought out of Dorsetshire and Wiltshire, and sold in Hampshire for *three pence* (about six cents) a hundred. So that it cannot require the heart of a lion to encounter the *labour* attending the raising of a few thousands of plants.

186. However, my plants, this year have all gone into the field from the seed-bed ; and, in so fine a climate, it may do very well ; only, great care is necessary to be taken to see that they be not *too thick* in the seed-bed.

187. As to the preparation of the land, as to the manuring, as to manure, as to *distance* of the rows from each other, as to the act of planting, and as to the after culture, all are the same as in the case of transplanted Swedish Turnips ; and, therefore, as to these matters, the reader has seen enough in Part I. There is one observation to make, as to the *depth* to which the plant should be put into the ground. It should be placed so deep, that the stems of the outside leaves be just clear of the ground : for if you put the plant deeper, the rain will wash the loose earth in amongst the stems of the leaves, which will make an open poor cabbage ; and, if the plant be placed so low as for the *heart* to be covered with dirt, the plant, though it will live, will come to nothing. Great care must, therefore, be taken as to this matter. If the stems of the plant be *long*, roots will burst out nearly all the way up to the surface of the earth.

188. The distances, at which Cabbages ought to stand in the rows must depend on the sorts. The

following is nearly about the mark. Early Salisbury *a foot*; Early York fifteen inches; Early Battersea *twenty inches*; Sugarloaf two feet; Savoys two feet and a half; and the Drum-head, Thousand-headed, Large-hollow, Ox-Cabbage, all four feet.

189. With regard to the *time of sowing* something more ought to be said; for, we are not here, as in England, confined within four or five degrees of latitude. Here some of us are living in fine, warm weather, while others of us are living amidst snows. It will be better, therefore, in giving opinions about *times* to speak of *seasons*, and not of months and days. The country people in England go, to this day, many of them at least, by the *tides*, and, what is supremely ridiculous, they go, in some cases, by the *moveable tides*. My gardener, at Botley, very reluctantly obeyed me, one year, in sowing green kale when I ordered him to do it, because *Whitsuntide* was not come, and that, he said, was the *proper season*. "But," said I, "ROBINSON, Whitsuntide comes *later* this year than it did last year." "Later Sir," said he, "how can that be?" "Because," said I, "it depends upon the moon when Whitsuntide shall come." "The moon!" said he, "what *sense* can there be in that?" "Nay," said I, "I am sure I cannot tell. That is a matter far beyond my learning. Go and ask MR. BAKER, the Parson. He ought to be able to tell us: for he has a tenth part of our garden stuff and fruit." The Quakers have cast all this rubbish away; and one could wonder how it can possibly be still cherished by any portion of an enlightened people. But, the truth is, that men do not *think for themselves* about these matters. Each succeeding generation tread in the steps of their fathers, whom they loved, honoured and obeyed. They take all upon trust. Gladly save themselves the trouble of thinking about things of not immediate interest. A desire to avoid the reproach of be-

ing irreligious induces them to practise an outward conformity. And thus has priest-craft, with all its frauds, extortions and immoralities, lived and flourished in defiance of reason and nature.

190. However, as there are no farmers in America quite foolish enough to be ruled by the tides in sowing and reaping, I hurry back from this digression to say, that I cannot be expected to speak of *precise times* for doing any work, except as far as relates to the latitude in which I live, and in which my experiments have been made. I have cultivated a garden at Frederickton in the *Province of New-Brunswick*, which is in latitude about *forty-eight*; and at Wilmington in Delaware state, which is in latitude about *thirty-nine*. In *both these places* I had as fine Cabbages, Turnips, and garden things of all the hardy sorts, as any man need wish to see. Indian Corn grew and ripened well in fields at Frederickton. And, of course, the summer was sufficient for the perfecting of all plants for cattle food. And, how *necessary* is this food in *Northern climates*! More to the southward than Delaware state I have not been; but, in those countries the farmers have pick and choose. They have two Long-Island summers and falls, and three English, in *every year*.

191. According to these various circumstances men must form their judgment; but, it may be of some use to state the *length of time*, which is required to bring each sort of Cabbage to perfection. The following sorts are, it appears to me, all that can be necessary. I have put against each nearly the time, that it will require to bring it to *perfection* from the time of *planting out* in the places where the plants are to stand to come to perfection. The plants are supposed to be of a good size when *put out*, to have stood sufficiently *thin* in the seed-bed; and, to have been kept clean from weeds in that bed. They are also supposed to go into ground well prepared.

Early Salisbury	Six weeks.
Early York	Eight weeks.
Early Battersea	Ten weeks.
Sugar-Loaf	Eleven weeks.
Late Battersea	Sixteen weeks.
Red Kentish	Sixteen weeks.
Drum-head	
Thousand headed	
Large-hollow	
Ox-Cabbage	
Savoy	

Five months.

192. It should be observed, that Savoys, which are so very rich in winter, are not so good, till they have been *pinched by frost*. I have put red Cabbage down as a sort to be cultivated, because they are as good as the white of the same size, and because it may be convenient, in the farmer's family, to have some of them. The *Thousand-headed* is of prodigious produce. You pull off the heads, of which it bears a great number at first, and others come; and so on for months, if the weather permit; so that this sort does not take five months to bring its *first* heads to perfection. When I say *perfection*, I mean quite *hard*; quite *ripe*. However, this is a *coarse* Cabbage, and requires great room. The *Ox-Cabbage* is *coarser* than the *Drum-head*. The *Large-hollow* is a very fine Cabbage, but it requires very good land. Some of all sorts would be best; but, I hope, I have now given information enough to enable any one to form a judgment correct enough to *begin* with. Experience will be the best guide for the future. An *ounce* of each sort of seed would, perhaps, be enough: and the cost is, when compared with the object, too trifling to be thought of.

193. Notwithstanding all that I have said, or can say, upon the subject of Cabbages, I am very well aware, that the extension of the cultivation of them,

in America, will be a work of *time*. A proposition to do any thing *new*, in so common a calling as agriculture, is looked at with suspicion : and, by some with feelings not of the kindest description ; because it seems to imply an imputation of *ignorance* in those to whom the proposition is made. A little reflection will, however, suppress this feeling in men of sense ; and, those who still entertain it may console themselves with the assurance, that no one will desire to *compel* them to have stores of green, or moist, cattle-food in winter. To be *ashamed* to be taught is one of the greatest of human follies ; but, I must say, that it is a folly less prevalent in America than in any other country with which I am acquainted.

194. Besides the disposition to reject novelties, this proposition of mine has *books* to contend against. I read, last fall, in an American Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, "*greatly enlarged and improved*," some observations on the culture of Cabbages as cattle-food, which were well calculated to deter a reader of that book from attempting the culture. I do not recollect *the words*; but the substance was, that this plant could not be cultivated to any advantage by the farmers in AMERICA. This was the more provoking to me, as I had, at that moment, so fine a piece of Cabbages in Long-Island. If the American Editor of this work had given his readers the bare, *unimproved* Scotch Edition, the reader would have there seen, that in England and Scotland they raise *sixty-eight tons* of Cabbages (*tons* mind) upon *an acre* ; and that the whole expense of an acre, exclusive of rent, is *one pound, fourteen shillings and a penny* ; or *seven dollars and seventy-five cents* ! Say that the expense in America is double, and the crop one half, or *one fourth*, if you like. Where are *seventeen tons* of green food in winter, or even in summer, to be got for *sixteen dollars*? Nay, where is that quantity, or

such a quantity, to be got for *fifty dollars*? The Scotch Edition gives an account of *fifty-four tons* raised on an acre, on a piece of *twelve acres*. In *fairness*, then, the American Editor should have given to his agricultural readers what the Scotchman had said upon the subject. And, if he still thought it right to advise the American farmers not to think of Cabbages, he should, I think, have offered them some, at least, of the *reasons* for his believing that that which was obtained in such abundance in England and Scotland, was not to be obtained to any profit at all here. What! will not this immense region furnish a climate, for this purpose, equal even to Scotland, where an *oat* will hardly ripen; and where the crop of that miserable grain is sometimes harvested amidst ice and snow? The proposition is, upon the face of it, an absurdity; and my experience proves it to be false.

195. This book says, if I recollect rightly, that the culture has been *tried*, and has *failed*. Tried! How tried? That Cabbages, and most beautiful Cabbages *will grow*, in all parts of America, every farmer knows; for he *has* them in his garden, or sees them every year, in the gardens of others. And, if they *will grow in gardens*, why not in *fields*? Is there common sense in supposing, that they *will not grow* in a piece of land, because it is not called *a garden*? The Encyclopædia Britannica gives an account of *twelve acres* of Cabbages, which would keep "forty-five oxen and sixty sheep for "three months, improving them as much as the grass "in the best months in the year, (in England) May, "June, and July." Of these large Cabbages, being at four feet apart in the rows, one man will easily plant out *an acre in a day*. As to the *seed-bed*, the labour of that is nothing, as we have seen. Why, then, are men frightened at the *labour*? All but the mere act of planting is performed by oxen or horses; and they never complain of "*the labour*."

The labour of an acre of Cabbages is not half so much as that of an acre of Indian Corn. The bringing in of the crop and applying it are not more expensive than those of the Corn. And will any man pretend, that an acre of good Cabbages is not worth three times as much as a crop of good Corn? Besides, if *early* Cabbages, they are off, and leave the land for transplanted Swedish Turnips, for late Cabbages, or for Buckwheat; and, if *late* Cabbages, they come after early ones, after wheat, rye, oats, or barley. This is what takes place even in England, where the fall is so much shorter, as to growing weather, than it is in Long-Island, and of course, all the way to Georgia. More to the north, in the latitude of Boston, for instance, two crops of early Cabbages will come upon the same ground; or a crop of early Cabbages will follow any sort of grain, except Buckwheat.

196. In concluding this chapter I cannot help strongly recommending farmers who may be disposed to try this culture, to try it *fairly*; that is to say, to employ *true seed, good land, and due care*; for as "men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles," so they do not harvest Cabbages from stems of rape. Then as to the land; it must be made good and rich, if it be not in that state already: for a Cabbage will not be fine where a white Turnip will; but, as the quantity of land wanted for this purpose is comparatively very small, the land may easily be made rich. The after culture of Cabbages is trifling. No weeds to plague us with hand-work. Two good ploughings, at most, will suffice. But ploughing after planting out is necessary; and, besides, it leaves the ground in so fine a state. The trial may be on a small scale, if the farmer please. Perhaps, it were best to be such. But, on whatever scale, let the *trial* be a *fair trial*.

197. I shall speak again of the *use* of Cabbages, when I come to speak of *Hogs and Cows*.

CHAP. IV.

EARTH-BURNING, 1818.

198. In paragraphs 99, 100, and 101, I spoke of a mode of procuring *manure* by the burning of *earth*, and I proposed to try it this present year. This I have now done, and I proceed to give an account of the result:

199. I have tried the efficacy of this manure on Cabbages, Swedish Turnips, Indian Corn, and Buckwheat. In the three former cases the ashes were put into the furrow and the earth was turned over them, in the same way that I have described, in paragraph 177, with regard to the manure for Savoys. I put at the rate of about *twenty tons* weight to an acre. In the case of the Buckwheat, the ashes were spread out of the wagon upon a little strip of land on the outside of the piece. They were *thickly* spread : and it might be, that the proportion exceeded even *thirty tons* to the acre. But, upon the part where the ashes were spread the Buckwheat was three or four times as good as upon the land adjoining. The land was *very poor*. It bore Buckwheat *last year*, without any manure. It had two good ploughings then, and it had two good ploughings again this year, but had no manure, except the part above mentioned and one other part at a great distance from it. So that the trial was *very fair indeed*.

200. In every instance the ashes produced *great effect*; and I am now quite certain, that *any crop* may be raised with the help of this manure; that is to say, any *sort* of crop; for, of dung, wood-ashes, and earth-ashes, when all are ready upon the

spot, without *purchase* or *carting* from a *distance*, the two former are certainly to be employed in preference to the latter, because a smaller quantity of them will produce the same effect, and, of course, the application of them is less expensive. But, in taking to a farm unprovided with the two former; or under circumstances which make it profitable to add to the land under cultivation, what can be so convenient, what so cheap, as ashes procured in this way?

201. A near neighbour of mine, Mr. DAYREAU, sowed a piece of Swedish Turnips, broad-cast, in June, this year. The piece was near a wood, and there was a great quantity of *clods* of a *grassy* description. These he burnt into *ashes*, which ashes he spread over one half of the piece, while he put *Soaper's Ashes* over the other part of the piece. I saw the Turnips in October; and there was no visible difference in the two parts, whether as to the *vigorouslyness* of the plants or the bulk of the Turnips. They were sown broad-cast and stood unevenly upon the ground. They were harvested a month ago, (it is now 26th November,) which was a month too early. They would have been a third, at least, more in bulk, and much better in quality, if they had remained in the ground until now. The piece was seventy paces long and seven paces wide; and, the reader will find, that, as the piece produced forty bushels, this was at the rate of four hundred bushels to the acre.

202. What quantity of *earth-ashes* were spread on this piece it is impossible to ascertain with precision; but, I shall suppose the quantity to have been very large indeed in proportion to the surface of the land. Let it be four times the quantity of the Soaper's Ashes. Still, the one was made upon the spot, at, perhaps, a tenth part of the cost of the other; and, as such ashes can be made upon any farm, there can be no reason for not *trying* the thing, at any rate, and which *trying* may be effect-

ed upon so small a scale as not to exceed in expense a half of a dollar. I presume, that many farmers will try this method of obtaining manure ; and, therefore, I will describe how the burning is effected.

203. There are two ways of producing ashes from earth : the one in heaps upon the ground, and the other within walls of turf, or earth. The first, indeed, is the usual way of burning of *turf*, or *peat*. But let us see how it is done.

204. The surface of the land is taken off to a depth of two or three inches, and turned the earth side uppermost to dry. The land, of course, is covered with grass, or heath, or something the roots of which hold it together, and which makes the part taken off take the name of *turf*. In England, this operation is performed with a *turf-cutter*, and by hand. The turfs are then taken, or a part of them, at least, and placed on their *edges*, leaning against each other, like the two sides of a roof of a house. In this state they remain till they are dry enough to burn. Then the burning is begun in this way. A little straw and some dry sticks : or any thing that will make a trifling fire, is lighted. Some little bits of the turf is put to this. When the turf is on fire, more bits are carefully put round against the openings whence the smoke issues. In the course of a day or two the heap grows large. The burning keeps working on the inside, though there never appears any *blaze*. Thus the field is studded with heaps. After the first fire is got to be of considerable bulk, no straw is wanted for other heaps, because a good shovel full of *fire* can be carried to light other heaps ; and so on, until all the heaps are lighted. Then the workman goes from heap to heap, and carries the turf to all, by degrees, putting some on each heap every day or two, until all the field be burned. He takes care to *keep in the smoke* as much as possible. When all the turf is put

on, the field is left ; and, in a week or two, whether it rain or not, the heaps are *ashes* instead of earth. The ashes are afterwards spread upon the ground ; the ground is ploughed and sowed ; and this is regarded as the very best preparation for a crop of Turnips.

205. This is called "*paring and burning.*" It was introduced into England by the *Romans*, and it is strongly recommended in the First *Georgic* of *Virgil*, in, as Mr. *TULL* shows, very fine poetry, very bad philosophy, and still worse logic. It gives three or four crops even upon poor land ; but it *ruins* the land for an age. Hence it is, that tenants in England are, in many cases, *restrained* from paring and burning, especially towards the close of their leases. It is the Roman husbandry, which has always been followed, until within a century, by the French and English. It is implicitly followed in France to this day ; as it is by the great mass of common farmers in England. All the foolish country sayings about *Friday* being an unlucky day to begin any thing fresh upon ; about the *noise of geese*, foreboding bad weather ; about the *signs of the stars* ; about the influence of the *moon* on animals : these, and scores of others, equally ridiculous and equally injurious to true philosophy and religion, came from the Romans, and are inculcated in those books, which pedants call "*classical,*" and which are taught to "*young gentlemen*" at the universities and academies. Hence, too, the foolish notions of sailors about *Friday*, which notions very often retard the operations of commerce. I have known many a farmer, when his wheat was dead ripe, put off the beginning of harvest from Thursday to Saturday, in order to avoid *Friday*. The *stars* save hundreds of thousands of lambs and pigs from sexual degradation at so early an age as the operation would otherwise be performed upon them. These heathen notions still prevail even in

America, as far as relates to this matter. A neighbour of mine in Long-Island, who was to operate on some pigs and lambs for me, begged me to put the thing off for a while, for that the *Almanac* told him; that the *signs* were, just then, as *unfavourable* as possible. I begged him to proceed, for that I set all *stars* at defiance. He very kindly complied, and had the pleasure to see, that every pig and lamb did well. He was surprised when I told him that this mysterious matter was not only a bit of *priest-craft*, but of *heathen* priest-craft, cherished by priests of a more modern date, because it tended to bewilder the senses, and to keep the human mind in subjection. "What a thing it is," said I, "that a cheat practised upon the pagans of Italy, two or three thousand years ago, shduld, by Almanac-Makers, be practised upon a sensible farmer in America!" If priests, instead of preaching so much about mysteries, were to explain to their hearers the origin of cheats like this, one might be ready to allow that the wages paid to them were not wholly thrown away.

206. I make no apology for this digression; for, if it have a tendency to set the minds of only a few persons on the track of detecting the cheatery of priests, the room which it occupies will have been well bestowed.

207. To return to, *paring and burning*; the reader will see with what ease it might be done in America, where the sun would do more than half the work. Besides the *paring* might be done with the *plough*. A sharp shear, going shallow, would do the thing perfectly well. Cutting across would make the land into *turfs*.

208. So much for *paring and burning*. But, what I recommend is, not to burn the land which is to be cultivated, but *other earth*, for the purpose of getting ashes to be brought on the land. And this operation, I thus perform. I make a circle, or an

oblong square. I cut *sods* and build a wall all round three feet thick, and four feet high. I then light a fire in the middle with straw, dry sticks, boughs, or such like matter. I go on making this fire larger and larger, till it extend over the whole bottom of the pit, or kiln. I put on roots of trees, or any rubbish wood, till there be a good thickness of strong coals. I then put on the *driest* of the clods that I have ploughed up round about, so as to cover all the fire over. The earth thus put is will burn. You will see the smoke coming out at little places here and there. Put more clods wherever the smoke appears. Keep on thus for a day or two. By this time a great mass of fire will be in the inside. And now you may dig out the clay, or earth, any where round the kiln, and fling it on without ceremony, always taking care to *keep in the smoke*; for, if you suffer that to continue coming out at any one place, a hole will soon be made; the main force of the fire will draw to that hole; a blaze, like that of a volcano, will come out, and the fire will be extinguished.

209. A very good way, is to put your finger into the top of the heap here and there; and if you find the fire *very near*, throw on more earth. Not *too much at a time*, for that weighs too heavily on the fire, and keeps it back; and, at *first* will put it partially out. You keep on thus augmenting the kiln, till you get to the top of the walls; and then you may, if you like, raise the walls, and still go on. No rain will affect the fire, when once it is become strong.

210. The principle is to *keep out air*, whether at the top or the sides, and this you are sure to do, if you *keep in the smoke*. I burnt, this last summer, about thirty wagon loads in one round kiln, and never saw the smoke at all after the first four days. I put in my finger to try whether the fire was near the top; and when I found it approaching, I put on

more earth. Never was a kiln more completely burnt.

211. Now, this may be done on the skirt of any wood, where the matters are all at hand. This mode is far preferable to the *above ground* burning in *keaps*. Because, in the next place, the *smoke escapes there*, which is the finest part of the burnt matter. Soot, we know well, is more powerful than ashes, and, soot is composed of the *grossest parts of the smoke*. That which flies out of the chimney is the best part of all.

212. In case of a want of *wood* wherewith to begin the fire, the fire may be lighted precisely as in the case of *paring and burning*. If the kiln be large, the oblong square is the best figure. About *ten feet wide*, because then a man can fling the earth easily over every part. The mode they pursue in England, when there is no *wood*, is to make a sort of building in the kiln with turfs, and leave air holes at the corners of the walls, till the fire be well begun. But this is tedious work; and is in this country wholly unnecessary. Care must, however, be taken, that the fire be well lighted. The matter put in *at first* should be such as is of the lightest description; so that a body of earth on fire may be obtained, before it be too heavily loaded.

213. The burning being completed, having got the quantity you want, let the kiln remain. The fire will continue to work, till all is *ashes*. If you want to *use* the *ashes* sooner, open the kiln. They will be cold enough to remove in a week.

214. Some persons have *peat*, or *bog earth*. This may be burnt like common earth, in kilns, or *dry*, as in the *paring and burning* method. Only, the *peat* should be cut out in the *shape of bricks*, or, as much longer and bigger as you find convenient, and set up to *dry* in the same way that bricks are set to dry previous to the burning. This is the *only fuel* for houses in some parts of England. I my-

self was nursed and brought up without ever seeing any other sort of fire. The ashes used, in those times, to be sold for *four pence sterling a bushel*, and were frequently carried, after the purchase, to a distance of ten miles, or more. At this time, in my own neighbourhood, in Hampshire, peat is burnt in large quantities for the ashes, which are sold, I believe as high as *six pence sterling a bushel*, and carried to a distance of even twenty miles in some cases.

215. Nevertheless it is certain, that these ashes are not equally potent upon every sort of soil. We do not use them much at Botley, though upon the spot. They are carried away to the higher and poorer lands, where they are *sown by hand upon clover and sain foine*. An excellent farmer, in this Island, assures me that he has tried them in various ways, and never found them to have any effect. So say the farmers near Botley. But, there is no harm in making a *trial*. It is done with a mere nothing of expense. A yard square in a garden is quite sufficient for the experiment.

216. With respect to earth-ashes, burnt in kilns, *keeping in the smoke*, I have proved their great good effect ; but, still, I would recommend trying them upon a small scale. However, let it be borne in mind, that the proportion to the acre ought to be large. Thirty good tons to an acre ; and why may it not be such, seeing that the expense is so trifling ?

CHAP. V.

TRANSPLANTING INDIAN CORN.

217. I was always of opinion, that this would be the best mode, under certain circumstances, of dealing with this crop. The *spring*, in this part of America, and farther to the north, is but *short*. It is nearly winter till it is summer. The labours of the year are, at this season, very much *crowded*. To plant the grains of Indian Corn over a whole field requires previous ploughing, harrowing, marking, and manuring. The consequence is, that, as there are so many other things to do, something is but too often badly done.

218. Now, if this work of Corn planting could be postponed to the 25th of June, (for this Island,) instead of being performed on, or about the 15th of May, how well the ground might be prepared by the 25th of June ! This can be done only by transplanting the plants of the Corn. I was resolved to try this ; and so confident was I^r that it would succeed, that I had made some part of my preparations for *six acres*.

219. I sowed the seed at about three inches apart, in beds, on the 20th of May. The plants stood in the beds (about five perches of ground) till the first of July. They were now *two feet and a half high*; and I was ready to begin *planting out*. The weather had been dry in the extreme. Not a drop of rain for nearly *a month*. My land was poor, but clean ; and I ought to have proceeded to do the job at once. My man had heard so much in ridicule of the project, that he was constantly begging and praying me not to persevere. “*Every body* ‘said it was *impossible* for the Corn to live.’” However, I began. I ploughed a part of the field into

four-feet ridges, and, one evening, set on, thus : I put a good quantity of Earth-ashes in the deep furrow, then turned back the earth over them, and then planted the Corn on the ridge, at a foot apart. We *pulled up* the plants without ceremony, cut off their roots to half an inch long, cut off their leaves about eight inches down from their points, and, with a long setting stick, stuck them about seven inches into the ground, down amongst the fresh mould and ashes.

220. This was *on the first of July* in the evening ; and, not willing to be *laughed at too much*, I thought I would pause two or three days ; for, really, the sun seemed as if it would burn up the very earth. At the close of the second day, news was brought me, that the Corn was all dead. I went out and looked at it ; and though I saw that it was not *dead*, I suffered the everlasting gloomy peal that my people rang in my ears to extort from me my consent to the *pulling up of the rest of the plants and throwing them away*; consent which was acted upon with such joy, alacrity and zeal, that the whole lot were lying under the garden fence in a few minutes. My man intended to give them to the oxen, from the charitable desire, I suppose, of annihilating this proof of his master's folly. He would have pulled up the rows which we had transplanted ; but, I would not consent to that ; for I was resolved, that they should have a week's trial. At the end of the week I went out and looked at them. I slipped out at a time when no one was likely to see me ! At a hundred yards distance the plants looked like so many little Corn-stalks in November : but, at twenty yards, I saw that *all was right* ; and I began to reproach myself for having suffered my mind to be thwarted in its purpose by opinions opposed to principles. I saw, that the plants were all *alive*, and had begun to *shoot in the heart*. I did not stop a minute. I hastened back to the garden to see

whether any of the plants, which lay in heaps, were yet alive.

221. Now, mind, the plants were put out *on the first of July*; the fifteen succeeding days were not only dry, but the very *hottest* of this gloriously hot summer. The plants, that had been *flung away*, were, indeed, nearly all *dead*: but, some, which lay at the bottoms of the heaps, were not only *alive*, but had *shot their roots into the ground*. I resolved to plant out two rows of these, *even these!* While I was at it, Mr. JUDGE MITCHILL called upon me. He laughed at us very heartily. This was on the *eighth of July*. I challenged him to *take him three to one* my two rows against any two rows of his Corn of equal length; and he is an excellent farmer on excellent land. "Then," said I, "if you are afraid to back your opinion, I do not mind your laugh."

222. On the *27th of August* Mr. JUDGE MITCHILL and his brother, the justly celebrated DOCTOR MITCHILL, did me the honour to call here. I was gone to the mill; but they saw the *Corn*. The next day I had the pleasure to meet DOCTOR MITCHILL, for the first time, at his brother's, and a very great pleasure it was; for a man more full of knowledge and apparently less conscious of it, I never saw in my life. But, the *Corn*: "What do you think of my *'Corn now?'*" I asked Mr. MITCHILL whether he did not think I should have won the wager. "Why, 'I do not know, indeed,'" said he, "as to the two *'first-planted rows.'*"

223. On the *tenth of September*, Mr. JUDGE LAWRENCE, in company with a young gentleman, saw the *Corn*. He examined the ears. Said that they were well filled and the grains large. He made some calculations as to the amount of the crop. I think he agreed with me, that it would be at the rate of *about forty bushels to the acre*. All that now remained was to harvest the *Corn* in a few

weeks' time, to shell, to weigh it ; to obtain a couple of rows of equal length of every neighbour surrounding me ; and then make a comparison ; the triumphant result of which I anticipated with so much certainty, that my impatience for the harvest exceeded in degree the heat of the weather, though that continued broiling hot. That very night ! The night following the day when Mr. JUDGE LAWRENCE saw the Corn, eight or nine steers and heifers leaped, or broke, into my pasture from the road, kindly poked down the fence of the field to take with them four oxen of my own which had their heads tied down, and in they all went just upon the transplanted Corn, of which they left neither ear nor stem, except about two bushels of ears which they had, in their haste, trampled under foot ! What a mortification ! Half an acre of fine Cabbages nearly destroyed by the biting a hole in the hearts of a great part of them ; Turnips torn up and trampled about ; a scene of destruction and waste, which, at another time, would have made me stamp and rave (if not swear) like a mad-man, seemed now nothing at all. *The Corn* was such a blow, that nothing else was felt. I was, too, both hand-tied and tongue-tied. I had nothing to wreak my vengeance on. In the case of the Boroughmongers I can repay blow with blow, and, as they have already felt, with interest and compound interest. But, there was, in this deplorable case, no human being that I could blame ; and, as to the depredators themselves, though, in this instance, their conduct did seem worthy of another being whom priests have chosen to furnish with horns as well as tail, what was I to do against them ? In short, I had, for once in my life, to submit peaceably and quietly, and to content myself with a firm resolution never to plant, or sow, again without the protection of a fence, which an ox cannot get over, and which a pig cannot get under.

224. This Corn had every disadvantage to contend with : poor land ; no manure but earth-ashes burnt out of that same land ; planted in dry earth ; planted in dry and hot weather ; no rain to enter *two inches*, until the 8th of August, nine and thirty days after the transplanting ; and yet, *every plant had one good perfect ear*, and besides, *a small ear to each plant* ; and some of the plants had *three ears*, two perfect and one imperfect. Even the *two last-planted rows*, though they were not so good, were *not bad*. My opinion is, that their produce would have been at the rate of twenty-five bushels to the acre ; and this is not a *bad crop of Corn*.

225. For my part, if I should cultivate Corn again, I shall transplant what I grow. I know, that the *labour will be less*, and I believe, that the crop will be far greater. No dropping the seed ; no hand-hoeing ; no patching after the *cut-worm*, or *brown-grub* ; no *suckers* ; no grass and weeds ; no *stifling* ; every plant has its proper space ; all is clean : and one good deep ploughing, or two at most, leaves the ground as clean as a garden ; that is to say, as a garden *ought* to be. The sowing of the seeds in beds is one day's work (for ten acres) for one man. Hoeing the young plants another day. Transplanting *four dollars* an acre to the very outside. "But where are the *hands* to come from to "do the transplanting ?" One would think, that, to hear this question so often repeated, the people in America were like the Rhodian Militia, described in the beautiful poem of Dryden, "*mouths without hands*." Far, however, is this from being the case ; or else, where would the *hands* come from to do the *marking* ; the *dropping and covering* of the Corn ; the *hand-hoeing* of it, sometimes twice ; the *patching* after the grubs ; the *suckering* when that work is done, as it always ought to be ? Put the plague and expenses of all these operations together, and you will, I believe, find them to exceed

four, or even six, dollars an acre, if they be all well done, and the Corn kept perfectly clean.

226. The transplanting of ten acres of Corn cannot be done *all in one day* by two or three men; nor is it at all necessary that it should. It may be done within the space of twelve or fourteen days. Little boys and girls, very small, will carry the plants, and if the farmer will but *try*, he will *stick in an acre a day himself*; for, observe, nothing is so easily done. There is no fear of death. The plants, in soft ground, might almost be poked down like so many sticks. I did not try it; but, I am pretty sure, that the *roots* might be cut all off close, so that the *stamp* were left entire. For, mind, a *fibre*, of a stout thing, never grows again *after removal*. New ones must come, and out of *new roots* too, or the plant, whether Corn or tree, will die. When some people plant *trees*, they are so careful not to cut off the little *hairy fibres*; for these, they think, will *catch hold of the ground immediately*. If, when they have planted in the fall, they were to open the ground in June the next year, what would be their surprise to find all the hairy fibres in a *mouldy state*, and the new *small roots* shot out of the *big roots* of the tree; and no new fibres at all yet: for these come out of the new small roots! It is the same with every sort of plant, except of a very small size and very quickly moved from earth to earth.

227. If any one choose to *try* this method of cultivating Corn, let him bear in mind, that the plants ought to be *strong*, and nearly *two feet high*. The leaves should be shortened by all means; for, they *must* perish at the tops before the new flow of the sap can reach them. I have heard people say, that they *have tried* transplanting Corn very often, but have never found it to answer. But *how* have they tried it? Why, when the grub has destroyed a hill, they have taken from other hills the superabundant plants and filled up the vacancy. In the first place,

they have done this when the plants were *small*: that is not my plan. Then they have put the plants into *stale hard ground*: that is not my plan. Then they have put them into ground where prosperous neighbours had the *start* of them: that is not my plan. I am not at all surprised, that they have not found their plan to *answer*; but, that is no reason that mine should not answer. The best way will be to try *three rows* in any field, and see which method requires the least labour and produces the largest crop.

228. At any rate, the facts, which I have stated upon this subject, are curious in themselves; they are useful as they show what we may venture to do in the removing of plants; and they show most clearly how unfounded are the fears of those, who imagine, that Corn is *injured* by ploughing between it and breaking its roots. My plants owed their vigour and their fruit to *their removal into fresh pasture*; and, the oftener the land is ploughed between growing crops of any sort (allowing the roots to shoot between the ploughings) the better it is. I remember that LORD RANELAGH showed me, in 1806, in his garden at Fulham, a peach tree, which he had removed in *full bloom*, and that must have been in March, and which bore a great crop of fine fruit the same year. If a *tree* can be thus dealt with, why need we fear to transplant such things as Indian Corn?

CHAPTER VI.

SWEDISH TURNIPS.

229. Upon this subject I have no great deal to add to what was said in Part I. Chap. II. There are a few things, however, that I omitted to mention, which I will mention here.

230. I sow my seed by *hand*. All machinery is imperfect for this purpose. The whole of the drill meets with a sudden check; it jumps, the holes are stopped; a clogging, or an improper impelling, takes place; a gap is produced, and it can never be put to rights; and, after all, the sowing upon four feet ridges is very nearly as quickly performed by hand. I make the drills, or channels, to sow the seed in by means of a light *roller*, which is drawn by a horse, which rolls two ridges at a time, and which has two markers following the roller, making a drill upon the top of each ridge. This saves time; but, if the *hand* do the whole, a man will draw the drills, sow the seed, and cover an acre in a day with ease.

231. The only mischief in this case, is, that of sowing too thick; and this arises from the seed being so nearly of the colour of the earth. To guard against this evil, I this year adopted a method which succeeded perfectly. I wetted the seed with water a little, I then put some *whiting* to it, and, by rubbing them well together, the seed became *white* instead of *brown*; so that the man, when sowing, could see what he was about.

232. In my directions for *Transplanting Turnips*, I omitted to mention one very important thing; that care be taken *not to bury the heart of the plant*. I observed how necessary it was to fix the plant *firmlly in the ground*; and as the planter is strictly

charged to do this, he is apt to pay little attention to the *means* by which the object is accomplished. The thing is done easily enough, if you cram the butts of the leaves down below the surface. But, this brings the earth, with the first rain at least, over the *heart* of the plant ; and then it will never grow at all : it will just *live* ; but will never increase in size one single jot. Care, therefore, must be taken of this. The fixing is to be effected by the stick applied to the point of the root ; as mentioned in paragraph 85. Not to fix the plant is a great fault ; but to bury the heart is a much greater ; for, if this be done, the plant is *sure* to come to nothing.

233. My own crop of Swedish Turnips this year is far inferior to that of last in every respect. The season has been singularly unfavourable to all green and root crops. The *grass* has been barer than it was, I believe, ever known to be : and, of course, other vegetables have experienced a similar fate. Yet, I have very good Turnips, and, even with such a season, they are worth more than three times what a crop of Corn on the same land would have been. I am now (25th Nov.) giving the greens to my cow and hogs. A cow and forty stout hogs eat the greens of about twenty or thirty rods of Turnips in a day. My five acres of greens will last about 25 days. I give no corn or grain of any sort to these hogs, and my English hogs are quite fat enough for fresh pork. I have about twenty-five more pigs to join these forty in a month's time ; about forty will join those before April. My Cabbages on an acre and a half of ground will carry me well on till February, (unless I send my Savoys to New-York,) and when the Cabbages are done I have my Swedish Turnips for March, April, May, and June, with a great many to sell if I choose. I have besides a dozen ewes to keep, on the same food, with a few wethers and lambs, for my house. In

June, *Early Cabbages come in*, and then the hogs feed on them. Thus the year is brought round.

234. But, what pleases me most, as to Swedish Turnips, is that several of my neighbours have tried the culture, and have far surpassed me in it this year. Their land is better than mine, and they have had no Borough-villains and Bank-villains to fight against. Since my Turnips were sown, I have written great part of a Grammar, and have sent Twenty Registers to England, besides writing letters amounting to a reasonable volume in bulk ; the whole of which has made an average of *nine pages of common print a day*, Sundays included. And besides this, I have been *twelve days* from home on business, and about *five* on visits. Now, whatever may have been the *quantity* of the writings, whether they demand *mind* or not, is no matter, they demanded time for the *fingers* to move in, and yet, I have not written a hundred pages by candle-light. A man knows not what he can do till he tries. But, then, mind, I have always been up with the cocks and hens ; and I have drunk nothing but milk and water. It is a saying, that "*wine* inspires *wit* ;" and that "*in wine there is truth*." These sayings are the apologies of *drinkers*. Every thing that produces *intoxication*, though in but the slightest degree, is injurious to the *mind* : whether it be such to the body, or not, is a matter of far less consequence. My Letter to Mr. TIERNEY on the state of the paper-money, has, I find, produced a great and general impression in England. The subject was of great importance, and the treating it involved much of that sort of reasoning which is the most difficult of execution. That letter, consisting of *thirty-two full pages of print*, I wrote in one day, and that, too, on the 11th of July, the hottest day in the year. But I never could have done this, if I had been guzzling wine, or grog, or beer, or cider, all the day. I hope the reader will excuse

this digression ; and, for my own part, I think nothing of the charge of *egotism*, if, by indulging in it, I produce a proof of the excellent effects of *sobriety*. It is not *drunkenness* that I cry out against, that is *beastly*, and beneath my notice. It is *drinking* ; for a man may be a great *drinker*, and yet no *drunkard*. He may accustom himself to swallow, till his belly is a sort of tub. The Spaniards, who are a very sober people, call such a man "*a wine bag*," it being the custom in that country to put wine into bags, made of *skins*, or hides. And, indeed, *wine-bag* or *grog-bag* or *beer-bag* is the suitable appellation.

235. To return to the Swedish Turnips, it was impossible for me to attend to them in person *at all* ; for if I once got out, I should have kept out. I was very anxious about them ; but much more anxious about my duty to my countrymen, who have remained so firmly attached to me, and in whose feelings and views, as to public matters, I so fully participate. I left my men to do their best, and, considering the season, they did very well. I have observed before, that I never saw my *Savoys* till two months after they were planted out in the field, and I never saw some of my Swedish Turnips till within these fifteen days.

236. But, as I said before, some of my neighbours have made the experiment with great success. I mentioned Mr. DAYREA's crop before. Mr. HART, at South Hempstead, has a fine piece, as my son informs me. His account is, that the field looked, in October, as fine as any that he ever saw in England. Mr. JUDGE MITCHILL has a small piece that were, when I saw them, as fine as any that I ever saw in my life. He had transplanted some in the driest and hottest weather ; and they were exceedingly fine, notwithstanding the singular dryness of the season.

237. Mr. JAMES BYRD of Flushing has, however,

done the thing upon the largest scale. He sowed, in June, about two acres and a half upon ridges *thirty inches* apart. They were very fine ; and in September, their leaves met across the intervals. On the 21st of September I saw them for the second time. The field was one body of beautiful green. The weather still very dry. I advised Mr. BYRD to *plough between them* by all means ; for the roots had met long before across the interval. He observed, that the horse would *trample on the leaves*. I said, “ never mind, the good done by the plough will be ten times greater than the injury done by ‘the breaking of leaves.’ ” He said, that great as his fears were, he would follow my advice. I saw the Turnips again on the 8th of October, when I found, that he had *begun* the ploughing ; but, that the horse *made such havoc amongst the leaves*, and his workman made such clamorous remonstrances, that, after doing a little piece, Mr. BYRD desisted. These were reasons wholly insufficient to satisfy me ; and the latter, the remonstrances of a *workman*, I should have ridiculed without a grain of mercy, only I recollect, that my men had remonstrated me (partly with sorrowful looks and shakes of the head) out of my design to transplant six acres of Indian Corn.

238. Mr. BYRD’s crop was about *three hundred and fifty bushels* to an acre. I was at his house on the 23d of this month, (November,) and then I heard two things from him, which I communicate with great pleasure. The first was, that, from the time he began taking up his Turnips, he began feeding his cows upon the *greens* ; and, that this *doubled* the quantity of *their milk*. That the *greens* might last as long as possible, he put them in *small heaps* that they might not *heat*. He took up his Turnips, however, nearly a month *too early*. They will grow till the *hard frost* ; and the bulb should be *ripe*. I have been now (27th November) about ten days

cutting off my greens. The bulbs I shall take up in about ten days hence. Those that are not consumed by that time, I shall put in small heaps in the field, and bring them away as they may be wanted.

239. The other thing stated to me by Mr. BYRD, pleased me very much indeed; not only on account of its being a complete confirmation of a great principle of TULL, applied to land in this climate, but on account also of the candour of Mr. BYRD, who, when he had seen the result, said, "I was wrong, friend Cobbett, in not following thy advice." And then he went on to tell me, that the Turnips in the piece which he had ploughed after the 21st of September were a crop a fourth part greater than those adjoining them, which remained unploughed. Thus, then, let no one be afraid of breaking the pretty leaves that look so gay! And, how false, then, must be the notion, that to plough Indian Corn in dry weather, or late, is injurious! Why should it not be as beneficial to Corn as to Turnips and Cabbages?

240. Mr. BYRD transplanted, with his superabundant plants, about two acres and a half. These he had not taken up on the 23d of November. They were not so fine as the others, owing in part, to the hearts of many having been buried; and to the whole having been put too deep into the ground. But, the ridges of both fields were too close together. Four feet is the distance. You cannot plough clean and deep within a smaller space, without throwing the earth over the plants. But, as bulk of crop is the object, it is very hard to persuade people, that two rows are not better than one. Mr. JUDGE MITCHELL is a true disciple of the TULLIAN SYSTEM. His rows were four feet asunder; his ridges high; his furrows deep; his ploughing clean. If I should be able to see his crop, or him, before this volume

goes to the press, I will give some account of the result of his labours.

241. This year has shown me, that America is not wholly exempt from that mortal enemy of Turnips, the *FLY*, which mangled some of mine, and which carried off a whole piece for Mr. JUDGE LAWRENCE at Bay-side. Mr. BYRD says he thinks, that to soak the seed in *fish-oil* is of use as a protection. It is very easy to TRY it ; but, the best security is, pretty early sowing thick, and transplanting. However, this has been a *singular year* ; and, even this year, the ravages of the *FLY* have, generally speaking, been but trifling.

242. Another enemy has, too, made his appearance ; the *catterpillar* ; which came about the 10th of October. This enemy eat the leaves ; and sometimes, they will, as in England, *eat all the leaves up*, if left alone. In Mr. BYRD's field, they were proceeding on pretty rapidly, and, therefore, he took up his Turnips earlier than he would have done. *Wide rows* are a great protection against these *sine-cure gentry* of the fields. They attacked me on the side of a piece joining some Buckwheat, where they had been bred. When the Buckwheat was cut, they sallied out upon the Turnips, and, like the spawn of real Boroughmongers, they, after eating all the leaves of the first row, went to the second, and were thus proceeding to devour the whole. I went with my plough, ploughed a deep furrow *from* the rows of Turnips, as far as the catterpillars had gone. Just shook the plants, and gave the top of the ridge a bit of a sweep with a little broom. Then *buried them alive* by turning the furrows back. Oh ! that the people of England could treat the Borough-villains and their swarms in the same way ! Then might they hear without envy of the easy and happy lives of American farmers !

243. A good sharp frost is the only *complete doctor* for this complaint ; but, *wide rows* and plough-

ing will do much, where the attack is made *in line*, as in my case. Sometimes, however, the enemy starts up here and there, all over the field ; and then you must plough the whole field, or be content with Turnips *without greens*, and with a diminished crop of Turnips into the bargain. Mr. BYRD told me, that the caterpillars did *not attack the part of the field which he had ploughed after the 21st of September* with nearly so much fury as they attacked the rest of the field ! To be sure ; for the Turnip leaves there, having received fresh vigour from the ploughing, were of a taste more *bitter* ; and, you always see, that insects and reptiles, that feed on leaves and bark, choose the most sickly or feeble plants to begin upon, because the juices in them are *sweeter*. So that here is another reason, and not a weak one, for *deep* and *late* ploughing.

244. I shall speak again of Swedish Turnips when I come to treat of *hogs* ; but, I will here add a few remarks on the subject of *preserving* the roots. In paragraph 106, I described the manner in which I *stacked* my Turnips last year. That did very well. But, I will not, this year, make any hole in the ground at all. I will pile up about thirty bushels upon the level ground, in a pyramidal form, and then, to keep the earth from running amongst them, put over a little straw, or leaves of trees, and about four or five inches of earth over the whole. For, mind, the object is not to *prevent freezing*. The Turnips will freeze as hard as stones. But, so that they do not *see the sun, or the light*, till they be *thawed*, it is no matter. This is the case even with apples. I preserved *White Turnips* this way last year. Keep the *light out*, and all will be safe with every root that I know and think of, except that miserable thing, *the potatoe*, which, consisting of earth, of a small portion of flour, and of water *unmixed with sugar*, will freeze to perdition, if it freeze at all. Mind, it is no matter to the animals-

whether the Swedish Turnip, the White Turnip, or the Cabbage, be *frozen*, or not, at the time when they eat them. They are just as good ; and are as greedily eaten. Otherwise, how would our sheep in England *fatten* on Turnips (even White Turnips) in the open fields and amidst snows and hard frosts ? But, a potatoe, let the frost once touch it, and it is *wet dirt*.

245. I am of opinion, that if there were *no earth* put over the Turnip heaps, or stacks, it would be better ; and, it would be much *more convenient*. I shall venture it for a part of my crop ; and I would recommend others to try it. The *Northern winter* is, therefore, no objection to the raising of any of these crops ; and, indeed, the crops are far more necessary there than to the southward, because the Northern winter is so much longer than the Southern. Let the snows (even the Nova Scotia snows) come. There are the crops safe. Ten minutes brings in a wagon-load, at any time in winter, and the rest remains safe till spring.

246. I have been asked how I would manage the Swedish Turnips, so as to keep them *till June*, or *July*. In April ; (for Long Island ;) that is to say, when the roots *begin to shoot out greens*, or, as they will be, *yellows*, when hidden from *the light*. Let me stop here, a moment to make a remark which this circumstance has suggested. I have said before, that, if you keep the bulbs from *the light*, they will freeze and thaw without the least injury. I was able to give *no reason* for this ; and who can give a *reason* for leaves being *yellow* if they grow in the *dark*, and *green* if they grow in the *light*? It is not the *sun* (except as the *source of light*) that makes the *green* ; for any plant that grows in *constant shade* will be *green* ; while one that grows in the *dark* will be *yellow*. When my son, JAMES, was about *three years old*, LORD COCHRANE, lying against a *green bank* in the garden with him, had asked him

many questions about the sky and the river and the sun and the moon, in order to learn what were the notions, as to those objects, in the mind of a child. JAMES grew tired, for, as ROUSSEAU, in his admirable exposure of the folly of teaching *by question and answer*, observes, nobody likes to be questioned, and especially children. "Well," said JAMES, "now you tell me something: what is it "that makes the grass green." His Lordship told him it was the sun! "Why," said JAMES, pulling up some grass, "you see it is white down here." "Ay," replied my Lord, "but that is because the sun cannot get at it." "How get at it?" said James: "The sun makes it hot all the way down." LORD COCHRANE came in to me, very much delighted: "Here," said he, "little JEMMY has started a fine subject of dispute for all the philosophers." If this page should have the honour to meet the eye of LORD COCHRANE, it will remind him of one of the many happy hours that we have passed together, and I beg him to regard my mention of the incident as a mark of that love and respect which I bear towards him, and of the ardent desire I constantly have to see him avenged on all his vile, cowardly, perjured and infamous persecutors.

247. When any one has told me what it is that makes "grass green," I shall be able to tell him what it is that makes darkness preserve Turnips; and, in the mean while, I am quite content with a perfect knowledge of the effects.

248. So far for the preservation *while winter lasts*; but, then, how to manage the roots when spring comes? Take the Turnips out of the heaps; spread them upon the ground round about, or any where else in the sun. Let them get perfectly dry. If they lie a month in the sun and rain alternately it does not signify. They will take no injury. Throw them *on a barn's floor* or under a shed; only do not put them in thick heaps; for then

they will heat, perhaps, and grow a little. I believe they may be kept the *whole year* perfectly sound and good ; but, at any rate, I kept them thus, last year till July.

249. Of *saving seed* I have some little to say. I saved some, in order to see whether it *degenerated* ; but, having, before the seed was ripe, had such complete proof of the degeneracy of *Cabbage seed* ; having been assured by Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, of Great Neck; that the Swedish Turnip-seed had degenerated with him to a long whitish root ; and, having, besides, seen the long, pale looking things in New-York market in June ; I took no care of what I had growing, being *sure* of the real sorts from England. However, Mr. BYRD's were from his *own seed*, which he had saved for several years. They differ from mine. They are *longer* in proportion to their circumference. The leaf is rather *more pointed*. And the inside of the bulb is not of *so deep* a yellow. Some of Mr. BYRD's have a little hole towards the crown, and the flesh is spotted with white where the green is cut off. He ascribes these defects to the season, and it may be so ; but, I perceive them in none of my Turnips, which are as clear and as sound, though not so large, as they were last year.

250. *Seed* is a great matter. Perhaps the best way, for farmers in general, would be always to *save some*, culling the plants carefully, as mentioned in paragraph 32. This might be sown, and also some English seed, the expense being so very trifling compared with the value of the object. At any rate, by saving some seed, a man has *something* to sow ; and he has it always ready. He might change his seed once in three or four years. But, never forgetting carefully to select the plants from which the seed is to be raised.

251. There is some difference in the quality of the seed, arising from a ~~difference~~ in the land, on which the seed is grown.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE CHAPTER ON SWEDISH TURNIPS.

252. Since writing the above, I have seen Mr. JUDGE MITCHILL, and having requested him to favour me with a written account of his experiment, he has obligingly complied with my request in a letter, which I here insert, together with my answer.

Ploudome, 7th December, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

253. About the first of June last, I received the First Part of your Year's *Résidence in the United States*, which I was much pleased with, and particularly the latter part of the book, which contains a treatise on the culture of the Ruta Baga Turnip. This mode of culture was new to me, and I thought it almost impossible that a thousand bushels should be raised from one acre of ground. However, I felt very anxious to try the experiment in a small way.

254. Accordingly, on the 6th day of June, I ploughed up a small piece of ground, joining my salt meadow, containing *sixty-five rods*, that had not been ploughed for nearly thirty years. I ploughed the ground deep, and spread on it about ten wagon loads of *composition manure*; that is to say, rich earth and yard-manure mixed in a heap, a layer of each alternately. I then harrowed the ground with an iron-toothed harrow, until the surface was mellow, and the manure well mixed with the earth.

255. On the first of July I harrowed the ground over several times, and got the surface in good order; but, in consequence of such late ploughing, I dared not venture to cross-plough for fear of tearing up the sods, which were not yet rotten. On the 7th of July I ridged the ground, throwing four furrows together, and leaving the tops of the ridges four feet asunder, and without putting in any ma-

nure. I went very shoal with the plough, because deep ploughing would have turned up the sods.

256. On the eighth of July I sowed the seed, in single rows on the tops of the ridges, on all the ridges except about eighteen. On eight of these I sowed the seed on the 19th of July, when the first sowing was up, and very severely attacked by the flea ; and I was fearful of losing the whole of the crop by that insect. About the last of July there came a shower, which gave the Turnips a start : and, on the eighth day of August I transplanted eight of the remaining rows, *early in the morning*. The weather was now *very dry* ; and the Turnips sown on the 19th of July were just coming up. On the 10th of August I transplanted the two other rows at *mid-day*, and, in consequence of such dry weather, the tops all died ; but, in a few days began to look green. And, in a few weeks, those that had been transplanted looked as thrifty as those that had been sown.

257. On the tenth of August I regulated the sown rows, and left the plants standing from six to twelve inches apart.

258. A part of the seed I received from you and a part I had from France a few years ago. When I gathered the crop, the transplanted Turnips were nearly as large as those that stood where they were sown.

259. The following is the produce : *two hundred and two bushels on sixty-five rods of ground* ; a crop arising from a mode of cultivation for which, Sir, I feel very much indebted to you. This crop, as you will perceive, wants but two bushels and a fraction of *five hundred bushels to the acre* ; and I verily believe, that, on this mode of cultivation, an acre of land, which will bring a hundred bushels of Corn-ears, will produce from *seven to eight hundred bushels* of the Ruta Baga Turnip.

260. Great numbers of my Turnips weigh six

pounds each. The *greens* were almost wholly destroyed by a *Caterpillar*, which I never before saw ; so that I had no opportunity of trying the use of them as cattle-food ; but, as to the *root*, cattle and hogs eat it greedily, and cattle as well as hogs eat up the little bits that remain attached to the fibres, when these are cut from the bulbs.

261. I am now selling these Turnips at *half a dollar a bushel*.

262. With *begging* you to accept of my thanks for the useful information, which, in common with many others, I have received from your Treatise on this valuable plant,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your most Obedient Servant,
SINGLETON MITCHILL.

To Mr. William Cobbett, }
Hyde Park. }

263. P. S. I am very anxious to see the Second Part of your *Year's Residence*. When will it be published ?

ANSWER.

Hyde Park, 9th December, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

264. Your letter has given me very great pleasure. You have *really tried* the thing : you have given it a *fair trial*. MR. TULL, when people said of his horse-hoeing system, that they had tried it, and found it not to answer, used to reply ; "what have they tried ? All lies in the little "word IT."

265. You have really tried it ; and very interesting your account is. It is a complete answer to all those, who talk about the *loss of ground* in four feet ridges ; and especially when we compare your

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crop with that of Mr. JAMES BIRD of Flushing : whose ground was prepared at an early season ; who manured richly ; who kept his land like a neat garden, and, in short, whose field was one of the most beautiful objects of which one can have an idea : but, whose ridges were about *two feet and a half* apart, instead of *four feet*, and who had *three hundred and fifty bushels* to the acre, while you, with all your disadvantages of late ploughing and sods beneath had at the rate of *five hundred bushels*.

266. From so excellent a judge as you are to hear commendation of my little Treatise, must naturally be very pleasing to me, as it is a proof that I have not enjoyed the protection of America without doing something in return. Your example will be followed by thousands ; a new and copious source of human sustenance will be opened to a race of free and happy people ; and to have beer, though in the smallest degree, instrumental in the creating of this source will always be a subject of great satisfaction to,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble servant,

Wm. COBBETT.

267. P. S. I shall to-morrow send the *Second Part of my Year's Residence* to the Press. I dare say it will be ready in three weeks.

268. I conclude this Chapter by observing, that a Boroughmonger hireling, who was actually fed with pap, purchased by money paid to his father by the Minister, PITTS, for writing and publishing lies against the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, the acknowledgment of the facts relating to which transaction, *I saw in the father's own handwriting* ; this hireling, when he heard of my arrival on Long-Island, called it my LEMNOS, which allusion will, I hope, prove not to have been wholly inapt ; for,

though my life is precisely the reverse of that of the unhappy PHILOCTETES, and though I do not hold the arrows of HERCULES, I do possess *arrows*; I make them felt too at a great distance, and, I am not certain, that my arrows are not destined to be the *only* means of destroying the Trojan Borough-mongers.

269. Mr. HULME, of Philadelphia, has received a letter from a friend in Liverpool, which letter contains the following passage : " Cobbett's work " on the Ruta Baga, is a very entertaining treatise: " Even *ladies*," (oh dear!) " who intend only to " peep into it, cannot keep from reading it through. " He is the *best preacher* I know against idleness. " There is a field of Ruta Baga near Liverpool, of " seven acres, which is said to be worth *one thousand four hundred pounds sterling*. I mean to go and " see it." This letter is dated on the 30th Sept. 1818. The writer a gentleman of undoubted veracity. And this, mind, is in England, where no man ever knew a field of Turnips to be worth more than at the rate of half a dollar a bushel. The produce of this field, sent (as it safely and easily might *in bulk*) to Georgia or South Carolina, would be worth *five thousand pounds sterling*; and yet, I'll engage, that as large crops may be grown in almost any part of those states.

CHAP. VII.

POTATOES.

270. I have made no experiments as to this root, and I am not about to offer my opinions as to the mode of cultivating it. But, so much has been said and written *against me* on account of my scouting the idea of this root being proper as *food for man*, I will, out of respect for public opinion, here state my *reasons* for thinking that the Potatoe is a root worse than useless.

271. When I published some articles upon this subject, in England, I was attacked by the *Irish* writers with as much fury as the Newfoundlanders attack people who speak against the Pope ; and with a great deal less reason ; for, to attack a system, which teaches people to fill their bellies with fish for the good of their souls, might be dictated by malice against the sellers of fish ; whereas, my attack upon Potatoes, was no attack upon the sons of St. Patrick to whom, on the contrary, I wished a better sort of diet to be afforded. Nevertheless, I was told, in the Irish papers, not that I was a *fool* : that might have been *rational* ; but, when I was, by these zealous Hibernians, called a *liar*, a *slanderer*, a *viper*, and was reminded of all my *political sins*, I could not help thinking, that, to use an Irish Peeress's expression with regard to her Lord, there was a little of the Potatoe sprouting out of their head.

272. These rude attacks upon me were all *nameless*, however ; and, with nameless adversaries I do not like to join battle. Of one thing I am very glad ; and that is, that the Irish *do not like to lie* upon what their accomplished countryman, DOCTOR DRENNAN, calls "Ireland's *lazy root*."

There is more sound political philosophy in that poem than in all the enormous piles of Plowden and Musgrave. When I called it a *lazy root*; when I satirized the use of it; the Irish seemed to think, that their national *honour* was touched. But, I am happy to find, that it is not *taste*, but *necessity*, which makes them messmates with the pig; for, when they come to this country, they invariably prefer to their "*favourite root*," not only fowls, geese, ducks and turkeys, but even the flesh of oxen, pigs and sheep!

273. In 1815, I wrote an article, which I will here insert, because it contains my opinions upon this subject. And when I have done that, I will add some calculations as to the comparative value of an acre of wheat and an acre of potatoes. The article was a letter to the *Editor of the Agricultural Magazine*, and was in the following words :

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGRICULTURAL MAGAZINE.

On the subject of Potatoes.

Botley, Nov. 18, 1815.

274. SIR,—In an article of your Magazine for the month of September last, on the subject of my Letters to Lord Sheffield, an article with which, upon the whole, I have reason to be very proud, you express your dissent with me upon some matters, and particularly relative to *Potatoes*. The passage to which I allude, is in these words : " As to a former diatribe of his on *Potatoes*, we regarded it as a pleasant example of argument for argument's sake ; as an agreeable jumble of truth and of mental rambling."

275. Now, Sir, I do assure you, that I never was more serious in my life, than when I wrote the essay, or, rather, casually made the observations against the cultivation and use of this worse than

useless root. If it was argument for argument's sake, no one, that I recollect, ever did me the honour to show that the argument was fallacious. I think it a subject of great importance ; I regard the praises of this root, and the preference given to it before corn, and even some other roots, to have arisen from a sort of monkey-like imitation. It has become, of late years, *the fashion* to extol the virtues of Potatoes, as it has been to admire the writings of Milton and Shakspeare. God, *almighty* and all *foreseeing*, first permitting his chief angel to be disposed to rebel against him ; his permitting him to enlist whole squadrons of angels under his banners ; his permitting this host to come and dispute with him the throne of heaven ; his permitting the contest to be long, and, at one time, doubtful ; his permitting the devils to bring cannon into this battle in the clouds ; his permitting one devil or angel, I forget which, to be split down the middle, from crown to crotch, as we split a pig ; his permitting the two halves, intestines and all, to go slap, up together again, and become a perfect body ; his, then, causing all the devil host to be tumbled headlong down into a place called Hell, of the local situation of which no man can have an idea ; his causing gates (iron gates too) to be erected to keep the devil in ; his permitting him to get out, nevertheless, and to come and destroy the peace and happiness of his new creation ; his causing his son to take *a pair of compasses* out of *a drawer*, to trace the form of the earth. All this, and, indeed, the whole of Milton's poem, is such barbarous trash, so outrageously offensive to reason and to common sense, that one is naturally led to wonder how it can have been tolerated by a people, amongst whom astronomy, navigation, and chemistry are understood. But, it is the *fashion* to turn up the eyes when Paradise Lost is mentioned ; and, if you ~~find~~ herein, you want *taste* ; you want *judgment* even, if

you do not admire this absurd and ridiculous stuff, when, if one of your relations were to write a letter in the same strain, you would send him to a mad-house and take his estate. It is the sacrificing of *reason* to *fashion*. And as to the other "*Dipine Bard*," the case is still more provoking. After his ghosts, witches, sorcerers, fairies, and monsters ; after his bombast and puns and smut, which appear to have been not much relished by his comparatively rude contemporaries, had had their full swing ; after hundreds of thousands of pounds had been expended upon embellishing his works ; after numerous commentators and engravers and painters and booksellers had got fat upon the trade ; after jubilees had been held in honour of his memory ; at a time when there were men, otherwise of apparently sound sense, who were what was aptly enough termed *Shakspeare-mad*. At this very moment an occurrence took place, which must have put an end, for ever, to this national folly, had it not been kept up by infatuation and obstinacy without parallel. YOUNG IRELAND, I think his name was WILLIAM, no matter from what motive, though I never could see any harin in his motive, and have always thought him a man most unjustly and brutally used. No matter, however, what were the inducing circumstances, or the motives, he did write, and bring forth, as being Shakspeare's, some plays, a prayer, and a love-letter. The learned men of England, Ireland and Scotland met to examine these performances. Some doubted, a few denied ; but, the far greater part, amongst whom were Dr. PARR, Dr. WHARTON, and Mr. GEORGE CHALMERS, declared, in the most positive terms, that *no man but Shakspeare could have written those things*. There was a division ; but this division arose more from a suspicion of some trick, than from any thing to be urged against the merit of the writings. The plays went so far as to be ACTED. Long lists of

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subscribers appeared to the work. And, in short, it was decided, in the most unequivocal manner, that this young man of sixteen years of age had written so *nearly like Shakspeare*, that a majority of the learned and critical classes of the nation most firmly believed the writings to be Shakspeare's; and, there cannot be a doubt, that, if Mr. Ireland had been able to keep his secret, they would have passed for Shakspeare's till the time shall come when the whole heap of trash will, by the natural good sense of the nation, be consigned to everlasting oblivion; and, indeed, as folly ever doats on a darling, it is very likely that these last-found productions of "*our immortal bard*" would have been regarded as his *best*. Yet, in spite of all this; in spite of what one would have thought was sufficient to make blind people see, the fashion has been kept up; and, what excites something *more* than ridicule and contempt, Mr. Ireland, whose writings had been taken for Shakspeare's, was, when he *made the discovery*, treated as an *impostor* and a *cheat*; and hunted down with as much rancour as if he had written against the buying and selling of seats in parliament. The *learned men*; the *sage critics*; the *Shakspeare-mad folks*; were all so *ashamed*, that they endeavoured to draw the public attention from themselves to the young man. It was of *his impositions* that they now talked, and not of their *own folly*. When the witty clown, mentioned in *Don Quixote*, put the mimic's audience to shame by pulling the *real pig* out from under his cloak, we do not find that that audience were, like our *learned men*, so unjust as to pursue him with reproaches and with every act that a vindictive mind can suggest. They perceived how foolish they had been, they hung down their heads in silence, and, I dare say, would not easily be led to admire the mountebank again.

276. It is *fashion*, Sir, to which, in these most striking instances, sense and reason have yielded ; and it is to *fashion* that the potatoe owes its general cultivation and use. If you ask me, whether fashion can possibly make a nation prefer one sort of *diet* to another, I ask you what it is that can make a nation admire Shakspeare ? What is it that can make them call him a " Divine Bard," nine tenths of whose works are made up of such trash as no decent man, now-a-days, would not be ashamed, and even afraid, to put his name to ? What can make an audience in London sit and hear and even applaud, under the name of Shakspeare, what they would hoot off the stage in a moment, if it came forth under any other name ? When folly has once given the fashion, she is a very persevering dame. An American writer, whose name is GEORGE DORSEY, I believe, and who has recently published a pamphlet, called " THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND, &c." being a reply to an attack on the morals and government and learning of the Americans, in the " Quarterly Review," states it, as matter of *justification*, that the People of America sigh *with delight* to see the plays of Shakspeare, whom they claim as *their countryman* ; an honour, if it be disputed, of which I will make any of them a voluntary surrender of my share. Now, Sir, what can induce the Americans to sit and hear with delight the dialogues of Falstaff and Poins, and Dame Quickly, and Doll Tearsheet ? what can restrain them from pelting Parson Hugh, Justice Shallow, Bardolph, and the whole crew off the stage ? What can make them endure a ghost *cap-a-pie*, a prince, who, for *justice* sake, pursues his uncle and his mother, and who stabs an old gentleman in sport, and cries out " dead for a ducat ! dead ?" What can they find to "*delight*" them in punning clowns, in ranting heroes, in sorcerers, ghosts, witches, fairies, monsters, soothsayers, dreamers ; in incidents

out of nature, in scenes most unnecessarily bloody ? How they must be delighted at the story of Lear putting the question to his daughters of *which loved him most*, and then dividing his kingdom among them, *according to their professions of love* ; how delighted to see the fantastical disguise of Edgar, the *treading out* of Gloucester's eyes, and the trick by which it is pretended he was made to believe, that he had actually fallen from the top of the cliff ! How they must be delighted to see the stage filled with green boughs, like a coppice, as in Macbeth, or streaming like a slaughter-house, as in Titus Andronicus ! How the young girls in America must be tickled with delight at the dialogues in Troilus and Cressida, and more especially at the pretty observations of the *Nurse*, I think it is, in Romeo and Juliet ! But, it is the same all through the work. I know of one other, and *only one other*, book, so obscene as this ; and, if I were to judge from the high favour in which these two books seem to stand, I should conclude, that wild and improbable fiction, bad principles of morality and politics, obscurity in meaning, bombastical language, forced jokes, puns, and smut, were fitted to the minds of the people. But, I do not thus judge. It is *fashion*. These books are in fashion. Every one is ashamed not to be in the fashion. It is the fashion to extol potatoes, and to eat potatoes. Every one joins in extolling potatoes, and all the world like potatoes, or pretend to like them, which is the same thing in effect.

277. In those memorable years of wisdom, 1800 and 1801, you can remember, I dare say, the grave discussions in Parliament about potatoes. It was proposed by some one to make a law to encourage the growth of them : and, if the Bill did not pass, it was, I believe, owing to the ridicule which Mr. HORNE TOOKE threw upon that whole system of petty legislation. Will it be believed, in another

century, that the law-givers of a great nation actually passed a law to compel people to eat *pollard* in their bread, and that, too, not for the purpose of *degrading or punishing*, but for the purpose of doing the said people good by *adding to the quantity of bread* in a time of scarcity ? Will this be believed ? In every bushel of wheat there is a certain proportion of *flour*, suited to the appetite and the stomach of man ; and a certain proportion of *pollard and bran*, suited to the appetite and stomach of pigs, cows, and sheep. But the parliament of the years of wisdom wished to cram the *whole* down the throat of man, together with the flour of other grain. And what was to become of the pigs, cows, and sheep ? Whence were the pork, butter, and mutton to come ? And were not these articles of human food as well as bread ? The truth is, that pollard, bran, and the coarser kinds of grain, when given to cattle, make these cattle fat ; but when eaten by man, make him lean and weak. And yet this bill actually became a law !

278. That period of wisdom was also the period of the potatoe-mania. *Bulk* was the only thing sought after ; and, it is a real fact, that Pitt did suggest the making of *beer* out of *straw*. Bulk was all that was looked after. If the scarcity had continued a year longer, I should not have been at all surprised, if it had been proposed to feed the people at rack and manger. But, the *Potatoe* ! Oh ! what a blessing to man ! Lord Grenville, at a birth-day dinner given to the foreign ambassadors, used not a morsel of *bread*, but, instead of it, little *potatoe cakes*, though he had, I dare say, a plenty of lamb, poultry, pig, &c. all of which had been fatted upon corn or meal, in whole or in part. Yes, Sir, potatoes will do very well along with plenty of animal food, which has been fatted on *something better than* potatoes. But, when you and I talk of the use of

them, we must consider them in a very different light.

279. The notion is, that potatoes are *cheaper* than wheat *flour*. This word *cheap* is not quite expressive enough, but it will do for our present purpose. I shall consider the *cost* of potatoes, in a family, compared with that of flour. It will be best to take the simple case of the labouring man.

280. The price of a bushel of fine flour, at Botley, is, at this time, 10s. The weight is 56lb. The price of a bushel of potatoes is 2s. 6d. They are just now dug up, and are at the cheapest. A bushel of potatoes which are measured by a larger bushel, weighs about 60lb. dirt and all, for they are sold unwashed. Allow 4lb. for dirt, and the weights are equal. Well, then, here is toiling Dick with his four bushels of potatoes, and John with his bushel of flour. But, to be fair, I must allow, that the relative price is not always so much in favour of flour. Yet, I think you will agree with me, that, upon an average, five bushels of potatoes do cost as much as one bushel of flour. You know very well, that potatoes, in London, sell for 1d. and sometimes for 2d. a pound; that is to say, sometimes for £1 7s. 6d. and sometimes for £2 15s. the five bushels. This is notorious. Every reader knows it. And, did you ever hear of a bushel of flour selling for £2 15s.? Monstrous to think of! And yet the tradesman's wife, looking *narrowly* to every half-penny, trudges away to the potatoe shop to get five or six pounds of this wretched root for the purpose of *saving flour!* She goes and gives 10d. for ten pounds of potatoes, when she might buy 5lb. of flour with the same money! Before her potatoes come to table, they are, even in *bulk*, less than 5lb. or even 3lb. of flour made into a pudding. Try the experiment yourself, Sir, and you will soon be able to appreciate the *economy* of this dame.

281. But, to return to Dick and John; the for-

mer has got his five bushels of potatoes, and the latter his bushel of flour. I shall, by and by, have to observe upon the *stock* that Dick must lay in, and upon the *stowage* that he must have; but, at present, we will trace these two commodities in their way to the mouth and in their effects upon those who eat them. Dick has got five bushels at once, because he could have them a little cheaper. John may have his *peck* or *gallon* of flour; for that has a fixed and indiscriminating price. It requires no trick in dealing, no judgment, as in the case of the roots, which may be *wet*, or *hollow*, or *hot*. Flour may be sent for by any child able to carry the quantity wanted. However, reckoning Dick's trouble and time nothing in getting home his five bushels of potatoes, and supposing him to have got the *right* sort, a "*fine sort*," which he can hardly fail of, indeed, since the whole nation is now full of "*fine sorts*," let us now see how he goes to work to consume them. He has a piece of bacon upon the rack, but he must have some potatoes too. On goes the *pot*, and there it may as well hang, for we shall find it in continual requisition. For this time the meat and roots boil together. But, what is Dick to have for supper? Bread? No. He shall not have bread, unless he will have bread at dinner. Put on the pot again for supper. Up an hour before day-light and on with the pot. Fill your luncheon-bag, Dick; nothing is so relishing and so strengthening out in the harvest-field, or ploughing on a bleak hill in winter, as a cold potatoe. But, be sure, Dick, to wrap your bag well up in your clothes, during winter, or, when you come to lunch, you may, to your great surprise, find your food transformed into pebbles. Home goes merry Dick, and on goes the pot again. Thus, 1095 times in the year Dick's pot must boil. This is, at least, a thousand times oftener than with a bread and meat diet. Once a week baking and once a week boil-

ing is as much as a farm-house used to require. There must be some fuel consumed in winter for warmth. But here are, at the least, 500 fires to be made for the sake of these potatoes, and, at a penny a fire, the amount is more than would purchase four bushels of flour, which would make 288lbs. of bread, which, at 7lb. of bread a day, would keep John's family in bread for 41 days out of the 365. This I state as a fact, challenging contradiction, that, exclusive of the extra labour, occasioned by the cookery of potatoes, the fuel, required, in a year, for a potatoe diet, and not required for a bread diet, would cost, in any part of the kingdom, more than would keep a family, even in *baker's bread*, for 41 days in the year, at the rate of 7lbs. of bread a day.

282. John, on the contrary, lies and sleeps on Sunday morning till about 7 o'clock. He then gets a bit of bread and meat, or cheese, if he has either. The mill gives him his bushel of flour in a few minutes. His wife has baked during the week. He has a pudding on Sunday, and another batch of bread before the next Sunday. The moment he is up, he is off to his stable or the field or the coppice. His breakfast and luncheon are in his bag. In spite of frost he finds them safe and sound. They give him heart, and enable him to go through the day. His 56lb. of flour, with the aid of 2d. in yeast, bring him 72lb. of bread, while, after the dirt and peelings and waste are deducted, it is very doubtful whether Dick's 300lb. of potatoes bring 200lb. of even this watery diet to his lips. It is notorious, that out of a pound of CLEAN potatoes there are 11 ounces of water, half an ounce of earthy matter, an ounce of fibrous and strawey stuff, and I know not what besides. The water can do Dick no good, but he must swallow these 11 ounces of water in every pound of potatoes. How far earth and straw may tend to fatten and strengthen cunning Dick I do not know; but, at any rate, it is certain, that white

he is eating as much of potatoe as is equal in nutriment to 1lb. of bread he must swallow about 14oz. of water, earth, straw, &c. for down they must go altogether, like the Parliament's bread in the years of wisdom, 1800 and 1801. But, suppose every pound of potatoes to bring into Dick's stomach a 6th part in nutritious matter, including in the gross pound all the dirt, eyes, peeling, and other inevitable waste. Divide his gross 300lb. by 6, and you will find him with 50lb. of nutritious matter for the same sum that John has laid out in 72lb. of nutritious matter, besides the price of 288lb. of bread in a year, which Dick lays out in extra fuel for the eternal boilings of his pot. Is it any wonder that his cheeks are like two bits of loose leather, while he is pot-bellied, and weak as a cat? In order to get half a pound of nutritious matter into him, he must swallow about 50 ounces of water, earth and straw. Without ruminating faculties, how is he to bear this cramming?

283. But, Dick's disadvantages do not stop here. He must lay in his store at the beginning of winter, or he must buy through the nose. And where is he to find *stowage*? He has no caves. He may *pie* them in the garden, if he has one; but, he must not open the pie in frosty weather. It is a fact not to be disputed, that a full *tenth* of the potatoe crop is destroyed, upon an average of years, by the frost. His wife, or stout daughter, cannot go out to work to help to earn the means of buying potatoes. She must stay at home to *boil the pot*, the everlasting pot! There is no such thing as a *cold dinner*. No such thing as women sitting down on a hay-cock, or a shock of wheat, to their dinner, ready to jump up at the approach of the shower. Home they must tramp, if it be three miles, to the fire that ceaseth not, and the pot as black as Satan. No wonder, that, in the brightest and busiest seasons of the year, you see from every cottage door, staring out at you,

as you pass, a smoky-capped, greasy heeled woman. The pot, which keeps her at home, also gives her the colour of the chimney, while long inactivity swells her heels.

284. Now, Sir, I am quite serious in these my reasons against the use of this root, as food for man. As food for other animals, in proportion to its cost, I know it to be the *worst of all roots* that I know any thing of; but, that is another question. I have here been speaking of it as food for man; and, if it be more expensive than flour to the labourer *in the country*, who, at any rate, can stow it in pies, what must it be to tradesman's and artisan's families in *towns*, who can lay in no store, and who must buy by the ten pound or quarter of a hundred at a time? When broad-faced Mrs. Wilkins tells Mrs. Tomkins, that, so that she has "*a potatoe*" for her dinner, *she does not care a farthing for bread*, I only laugh, knowing that she will twist down a half pound of *beef* with her "*potatoe*," and has twisted down half a pound of buttered toast in the morning, and means to do the same at tea-time, without prejudice to her supper and grog. But, when Mrs. Tomkins gravely answers, "yes, Ma'am, there is "*nothing like a potatoe*, it is such a *saving in a family*," I really should not be very much out of humour to see the tête-à-tête broken up by the application of a broomstick.

285. However, Sir, I am talking to *you* now, and, as I am not aware, that there can be any impropriety in it, I now call upon *you* to show, that I am really wrong in my notions upon this subject; and this, I think you are, in some sort, bound to do, seeing that you have, in a public manner, condemned them.

286. But, there remains a very important part of the subject yet undiscussed. For, though you should be satisfied, that 300lb. of potatoes are not, taking every thing into consideration, more than

equal to about 30lb. of flour, you may be of opinion, that the disproportion in the bulk of the *crops* is, in favour of potatoes, more than sufficient to compensate for this. I think this is already clearly enough settled by the *relative prices* of the contending commodities ; for, if the quantity of produce was on the side of potatoes, their *price* would be in proportion.

287. I have heard of enormous crops of potatoes : as high, I believe, as 20 tons. I never yet saw 10 tons grow upon an acre. I have heard of 14 sacks of wheat upon an acre. I never saw above 10 grow upon an acre. The average crop of wheat is about 24 bushels, in this part of England, and the average crop of potatoes about 6 tons. The weight of the wheat 1440lbs. and that of the potatoes 13,440lbs. Now, then, if I am right in what has been said above, this *bulk* of potatoes barely keeps pace with that of the wheat ; for if a bushel of wheat does not make 56lb. of *flour*, it weighs 60lbs. and leaves pollard and bran to make up for the deficiency. Then, as to the *cost* ; the ground must be equally good. The seed is equally expensive. But the potatoes must be cultivated *during their growth*. The expense of digging and cartage and stowage is not less than 2*l.* an acre at present prices. - The expense of reaping, housing, and threshing is, at present prices, 10*s.* less. The potatoes leave *no straw*, the wheat leaves straw, stubble, and gleanings for pigs. This straw is worth, at least 3*l.* an acre, at present prices. It is, besides, *absolutely necessary*. It litters, in conjunction with other straw, all sorts of cattle ; it sometimes helps to feed them ; it covers half the buildings in the kingdom ; and makes no small part of the people's beds. The potatoe is a robber in all manner of ways. It largely takes from the farm yard and returns little, or nothing to it ; it robs the land more than any other plant or root ; it robs the

eaters of their time, their fuel, and their health ; and, I agree fully with MENSIEUR TISSOT, that it robs them of their *mental powers*.

288. I do not deny, that it is a pleasant enough thing to assist in sending down lusty Mrs. Wilkins's good half pound of fat roast-beef. Two or three ounces of water, earth, and straw, can do *her* no harm ; but, when I see a poor, little, pale-faced, lifeless, pot-bellied boy peeping out at a cottage door, where I ought to meet with health and vigour, I cannot help cursing the fashion, which has given such general use to this root, as food for man. However, I must say, that the chief ground of my antipathy to this root is, that it tends to *debase the common people*, as every thing does, which brings their mode of living to be nearer that of cattle. The man and his pig, in the potatoe system, live pretty much upon the same diet, and eat nearly in the same manner, and out of nearly the same utensil. The same eternally-boiling pot cooks their common mess. Man, being master, sits at the first table ; but, if his fellow-feeder comes after him, he will not *fatten*, though he will *live* upon the same diet. Mr. CURWEN found potatoes to supply the place of *hay*, being first *well cooked* ; but, they did not supply the place of *oats* ; and yet fashion has made people believe, that they are capable of supplying the place of *bread* ! It is notorious, that *nothing* will *fatten* on potatoes alone. Carrots, parsnips, cabbages, the superior sorts of turnips, will, in time, fatten sheep and oxen, and, some of them, pigs ; but, upon potatoes *alone*, no animal that I ever heard of will fatten. And yet, the greater part, and, indeed all, the other roots and plants here mentioned, will yield, upon ground of the same quality, three or four times as heavy a crop as potatoes, and will, too, for a long while, set the frosts at defiance.

289. If, Sir, you do me the honour to read this

Letter, I shall have taken up a good deal of your time ; but, the subject is one of much importance in rural economy, and therefore, cannot be wholly uninteresting to you. I will not assume the sham modesty to suppose, that my manner of treating it makes me unworthy of an answer ; and, I must confess, that I shall be disappointed unless you make a serious attempt to prove to me, that I am in error.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

Wm. COBBETT.

290. Now, observe, I never received any *answer* to this. Much *abuse*. New torrents of *abuse* ; and, in language still more venomous than the former ; for now the Milton and Shakspeare men, the *critical Parsons*, took up the pen ; and, when you have an angry *Priest* for adversary, it is not the common viper, but the rattlesnake that you have to guard against. However, as no one put his *name* to what he wrote, my remarks went on producing their effect ; and a very considerable effect they had.

291. About the same time, Mr. TIMOTHY BROWN of Peckham Lodge, who is one of the most *understanding* and most worthy men I ever had the honour to be acquainted with, furnished me with the following comparative estimate relative to *Wheat* and *Potatoes* :

PRODUCE OF WHEAT.

Forty bushels is a *good* crop ; but from fifty to sixty may be had.

	Pounds of Wheat.
40 Bushels, 60 pounds a bushel, - - -	2,400
45½ Pounds of flour to each bushel of Wheat, - - -	1,820
13 Pounds of offal to each bushel, - - -	520
Waste, - - - - -	60
	<hr/> 2,400

The worth of the offal is about that of one bushel of flour; and the worth of the straw, two tons, each worth 2*l.* is equal to six bushels of flour,

318*½*

So that the total yield, in flour, is

Pounds of Flour.
2,139

Which will make of bread, at the rate of 9 pounds of bread from 7 pounds of flour,

2,739*½*

PRODUCE OF POTATOES.

Seven tons, or 350 bushels, is a good crop; but ten tons, or 500 bushels, may be grown.

Ten tons, or Pounds of Potatoes.
22,400

Ten pounds of Potatoes contain one pound of Flour, Pounds of Flour.
2,240

Which would, if it were possible to extract the flour, and get it in a dry state, make of bread, Pounds of Bread.
2,880

292. Thus the nutritious contents of the Potatoes surpasses that of the wheat but by a few pounds; but to get at those contents, unaccompanied with nine times their weight in earth, straw, and water, is impossible. Nine pounds of earth, straw and water must, then, be swallowed, in order to get at the one pound of flour!

293. I beg leave to be understood as saying nothing against the cultivation of potatoes in any place, or near any place, where there are people willing to consume them at half a dollar a bushel, when wheat is two dollars a bushel. If any one will buy dirt to eat, and if one can get dirt to him with more profit than one can get wheat to him, let us

supply him with dirt by all means. It is his taste to eat dirt ; and, if his taste have nothing immoral in it, let him, in the name of all that is ridiculous, follow his taste. I know a prime minister, who picks his nose and regales himself with the contents. I solemnly declare this to be true. I have witnessed the worse than beastly act scores of times ; and yet, I do not know that he is much more of a beast than the greater part of his associates. Yet, if this were all ; if he were chargeable with nothing but this ; if he would confine his swallow to this, I do not know that the nation would have any right to interfere between his nostrils and his gullet.

294. Nor do I say that it is *filthy* to eat Potatoes. I do not ridicule the using of them as *sauce*. What I laugh at is, the idea of the use of them being a *saving* ; of their *going further* than bread ; of the cultivation of them in lieu of wheat *adding to the human sustenance of a country*. This is what I laugh at ; and laugh I must as long as I have the above estimate before me.

295. As food for cattle, sheep or hogs, this is the *worst* of all the green and root crops ; but, of this I have said enough before ; and, therefore, I now dismiss the Potatoe, with the hope that I shall never again have to write the word, or to see the thing.

CHAP. VIII.

FEEDING COWS, SHEEP, HOGS, AND POULTRY.

296. *Cows*.—With respect to Cows, need we any further facts than those of Mr. BYRD, to prove how advantageous the Swedish Turnip culture must be to those who keep Cows, in order to make butter and cheese. The *greens* come to supply the place of grass, and to add a month to the feeding on green food. They come just at the time when Cows, in this country, are *let go dry*. It is too hard work to squeeze butter out of straw and corn-stalks; and, if you get it out, it would not, pound for pound, be nearly so good as *lard*, though it would be full as white. To give Cows *fine hay* no man thinks of; and, therefore, dry they must become from November until March, though a good piece of Cabbages added to the Turnip greens would keep them on in milk to their calving; or, till within a month of it at any rate. The bulbs of Swedish Turnips are *too valuable* to give to Cows; but the Cabbages, which are so easily raised, may be made subservient to the use.

297. *Sheep*.—In the *First Part* I have said how I fed my Sheep upon Swedish Turnips. I have now only to add, that, in the case of *early lamb for market*, Cabbages, and especially *Savoy*, in February and March, would be excellent for the *Ewes*. Sheep love *green*. In a Turnip field, they never touch the bulb, till every bit of green is eaten. I would, therefore, for this purpose, have some Cabbages, and, if possible, of the *Savoy* kind.

298. *Hogs*.—This is the main object, when we talk of raising green and root crops, no matter how near to or how far from the spot where the produce of the farm is to be consumed. For, pound for

pound, the hog is the most valuable animal ; and whether fresh or salted, is the most easily conveyed. Swedish Turnips or Cabbages, or Mangle Wurzle will *fatten* an Ox ; but, that which would, in four or five months fatten the Ox, would keep fifteen *August Pigs* from the grass going to the grass coming, on Long-Island. Look at *their worth in June*, and compare it with the few dollars that you have got by fatting the Ox ; and look also at the manure in the two cases. A farmer, on this Island, fattened two Oxen, last winter, upon Corn. He told me, after he had sold them, that, if he had *given the Oxen away, and sold the Corn*, he should have had more money in his pocket. But, if he had kept, through the winter, four or five summer Pigs upon this Corn, would *they have eaten all his Corn to no purpose ?* I am aware, that Pigs get something at an Ox-stall door ; but, what a process is this ?

299. My Hogs are now *living wholly* upon *Swe-dish Turnip greens*, and, though I have taken no particular pains about the matter, they look very well, and, for store hogs and sows, are as fat as I wish them to be. My English hogs are sleek, and fit for *fresh pork* ; and all the hogs not only eat the greens but do well upon them. But, observe, I give them *plenty three times a day*. In the forenoon we get a good wagon load, and that is for three meals. This is a main thing ; this *plenty* ; and the farmer must see to it with his OWN EYES ; for, workmen are all *starvers*, except of themselves. I never had a man in my life, who would not starve a Hog, if I would let him ; that is to say, if the food was to be got by some labour. You must, therefore, see to this ; or, you do not try the thing at all.

300. Turnip *greens* are, however, by no means equal to Cabbages, or even to *Cabbage leaves*. The Cabbage, or even the leaf, is the *fruit* of the plant ; which is not the case with the Turnip green. Therefore, the latter must, especially when they

follow, as food, summer Cabbages, be given in great proportionate quantities.

301. As to the *bulb* of the Swedish Turnip, I have said enough, in the First Part, as food for Hogs ; and I should not have mentioned the matter again, had I not been visited by two gentlemen, who *came on purpose* (from a great distance) to see, whether hogs *really* would eat Swedish Turnips ! Let not the English farmers *laugh* at this ; let them not imagine, that the American farmers are a set of simpletons on this account : for only about thirty years ago, the English farmers would not, indeed, have gone a great distance to ascertain the fact, but would have said, at once, that the *thing was false*. It is not more than about four hundred years since the Londoners were wholly supplied with Cabbages, Spinage, Turnips, Carrots, and all sorts of garden stuff *from Flanders*. And now, I suppose, that one single parish in Kent grows more garden stuff than all Flanders. The first settlers came to America long and long before even the *White Turnip* made its appearance in the *fields* in England. The successors of the first settlers trod in the foot-steps of their fathers. The communication with England did not bring out *good English farmers*. Books made little impression unaccompanied with actual experiments on the spot. It was reserved for the Boroughmongers, armed with gags, halters and axes, to drive from England experience and public spirit sufficient to introduce the culture of the green and root crops to the fields of America.

302. The first gentleman, who came to see whether hogs would eat Swedish Turnips, saw some Turnips tossed down on the grass to the hogs, which were eating sweet little loaved Cabbages. However, they eat the Turnips too before they left off. The second, who came on the afternoon of the same day, saw the hogs eat some bulbs chopped up.

The hogs were pretty hungry, and the quantity of Turnips small, and there was such a shoving and pushing about amongst the hogs to snap up the bits, that the gentleman observed, that they “*liked them as well as Corn.*”

303. In paragraph 134, I related a fact of a neighbour of mine in Hampshire having given his Swedish Turnips, *after they had borne seed*, to some lean pigs, and had, with that food, made them fit for *fresh pork*, and sold them as such. A gentleman from South-Carolina was here in July last, and I brought some of mine which had then *bore seed*. They were *perfectly sound*. The hogs ate them as well as if they had not bore seed. We boiled some in the kitchen for dinner; and they appeared as good as those eaten in the winter. This shows clearly how well this root keeps.

304. Now, these facts being, I hope, undoubted, is it not surprising, that, in many parts of this fine country, it is the rule to keep only *one pig for every cow!* The cow seems as necessary to the pig as the pig's mouth is necessary to his carcass. There are, for instance, six cows; therefore, when they begin to give milk in the spring, six pigs are set on upon the milk, which is given them with a suitable proportion of pot liquor (a *meat pot*) and of Rye, or Indian meal, making a diet far superior to that of the families of labouring men in England. Thus the pigs go on till the time when the cows (for want of more food) become dry. Then the pigs are shut up and have the new sweet Indian Corn heaped into their styes till they are quite fat, being half fat, mind, all the summer long, as they run barking and capering about. Sometimes they turn *sulky*, however, and will not eat enough of the Corn; and well they may, seeing that they are deprived of their *milk*. Take a child from its *pap* all at once, and you will find, that it will not, for a long while, relish its new diet. What

a system! But, if it must be persevered in, there might, it appears to me, be a great improvement made even in it; for, the *labour* of milking and of the subsequent operations, all being *performed* by *women*, is of great inconvenience. Better let each pig suck its adopted mother at once, which would save a monstrous deal of labour and prevent all possibility of waste. There would be no *slopping* about; and, which is a prime consideration in a dairy system, there would be *clean milking*; for, it has been *proved* by Dr. ANDERSON that the last drop is *fourteen times* as good as the first drop; and, I will engage, that the grunting child of the lowing mother would have that *last drop* twenty times a day, or would pull the udder from her body. I can imagine but one difficulty that can present itself to the mind of one disposed to adopt this improvement; and that is, the teaching of the pig to suck the cow. This will appear a difficulty to those only, who think unjustly of the understandings of pigs; and, for their encouragement, I beg leave to refer them to DANIEL'S RURAL SPORTS, where they will find, that, in Hampshire, SIR JOHN MILDWY'S game-keeper, Toomer, taught a sow to point at partridges and other game; to quarter her ground like a pointer, to back the pointers, when she hunted with them, and to be, in all respects, the most docile pointer of the finest nose. This fact is true beyond all doubt. It is known to many men now alive. Judge, then, how easily a pig might be taught to milk a cow, and what a "*saving of labour*" this would produce!

305. It is strange what comfort men derive even from the deceptions which they practise upon themselves. The milk and the fat pot-liquor and meal are, when put together, called, in Long-Island, *swill*. The word comes from the farm-houses in England, but it has a new meaning attached to it. There it means the mere *wash*; the mere *drink*.

given to store hogs. But, here it means rich fattening food. "There, friend Cobbett," said a gentleman to me, as we looked at his pigs, in September last, "do thy English pigs look better than these?" "No," said I, "but what do these live on." He said he had given them all summer "nothing but swill." "Ay," said I, "but what is swill." It was, for six pigs, nothing at all, except the milk of six very fine cows, with a bin of shorts and meal always in requisition, and with the daily supply of liquor from a pot and a spit that boils and turns without counting the cost.

306. This is very well for those who do not care a straw, whether their pork cost them seven cents a pound or half a dollar a pound; and, I like to see even the waste; because it is a proof of the easy and happy life of the farmer. But, when we are talking of profitable agriculture, we must examine this *swill* tub, and see what it contains. To keep pigs to a profit, you must carry them on to their fattening time at little expense. Milk comes from all the grass you grow and almost the whole of the dry fodder. Five or six cows will sweep a pretty good farm as clean as the turnpike road. Pigs, till well weaned must be kept upon good food. My pigs will always be fit to go out of the weaning sty at three months old. The common pigs require four months. Then out they go never to be fed again, except on grass, greens, or roots, till they arrive at the age to be fattened. If they will not keep themselves in growing order upon this food, it is better to shoot them at once. But, I never yet saw a hog that would not. The difference between the good sort and the bad sort, is, that the former will always be fat enough for fresh pork, and the latter will not; and, that, in the fattening, the former will not require (weight for weight of animal) more than half the food that the latter will to make them equally fat.

307. Out of the milk and meal system another

monstrous evil arises. It is seldom that the hogs come to a *proper age* before they are killed. A hog has not got his growth till he is full *two years old*. But, who will, or can, have the patience to see a hog *eating Long-Island swill* for two years? When a hog is only 15 or 16 months old, he will lay on two pounds of fat for every one pound that will, out of the same quantity of food, be laid on by an eight or ten months pig. Is it not thus with **every animal**? A stout boy will be like a herring upon the very food that would make his father fat, or kill him. However, this fact is too notorious to be insisted on.

308. Then, the young meat is not so nutritious as the old. Steer beef is not nearly so good as ox beef. Young wether mutton bears the same proportion of inferiority to old wether mutton. And, what reason is there, that the principle should not hold good as to hog-meat? In Westphalia, where the fine hams are made, the hogs are never killed under *three years old*. In France, where I saw the fattest pork I ever saw, they keep their fattening hogs to the same age. In France and Germany, the people do not eat the hog, *as hog*: they use the hog *to put fat into other sorts of meat*. They make holes in beef, mutton, veal, turkeys and fowls, and, with a tin tube, draw in bits of fat hog, which they call *lard*, and, as it is *all fat*, hence comes it that we call the inside fat of a hog, *lard*. Their beef and mutton and veal would be very poor stuff without the aid of the hog; but, with that aid, they make them all exceedingly good. Hence it is, that they are induced to keep their hogs till they have *quite done growing*; and, though their sort of hogs is *the very worst* I ever saw, their hog-meat was *the very fattest*. The common weight in Normandy and Brittany is *from six to eight hundred pounds*. But, the poor fellows there do not slaughter away as the farmers do here, ten or a dozen hogs at a time, so that the sight makes one wonder whence are to come the

mouths to eat the meat. In France *du lard* is a thing to *smell to*, not to *eat*. I like the eating far better than the smelling system ; but, when we are talking about farming for *gain*, we ought to inquire how any given weight of meat can be obtained at the *cheapest rate*. A hog, in his third year, would, on the American plan, suck half a dairy of Cows perhaps ; but, then, mind, he would, upon a *third part of the fattening food*, weigh down four Long-Island "shuts," the average weight of which is about *one hundred and fifty pounds*.

309. A hog, upon rich food, will be much bigger *at the end of a year*, than a hog upon *good growing diet* ; but, he will not be bigger *at the end of two years*, and especially *at the end of three years*. His size is not to be *forced on*, any more than that of a child, beyond a certain point.

310. For these reasons, if I were settled as a farmer, I would let my hogs have *time to come to their size*. Some sorts come to it at an earlier period, and this is amongst the good qualities of my English hogs ; but, to do the thing well, even they ought to have *two years* to grow in.

311. The reader will think, that I shall never cease talking about *hogs* ; but, I have now done, only I will add, that, in keeping hogs in *a growing state*, we must never forget their *lodging* ! A few beards, flung carelessly over a couple of rails, and no litter beneath, is not the sort of bed for a hog. A place of suitable size, large rather than small, well sheltered on every side, covered with a roof that lets in no wet or snow. No opening, except a door way big enough for a hog to go in ; and the floor constantly well bedded with leaves of trees, dry, or, which is the best thing, and what a hog deserves, *plenty of clean straw*. When I make up my hogs' lodging place for winter, I look well at it, and consider, whether, upon a pinch, I could, for once and away, make shift to lodge in it myself. If

I shiver at the thought, the place is not good enough for my hogs. It is not in the nature of a hog to sleep in the cold. Look at them. You will see them, if they have the means, cover themselves over for the night. This is what is done by neither horse, cow, sheep, dog nor cat. And this should admonish us to provide hogs with warm and comfortable lodging. Their sagacity in providing against cold in the night, when they have it in their power to make such provision, is quite wonderful. You see them looking about for the warmest spot: then they go to work, raking up the litter so as to break the wind off; and when they have done their best, they lie down. I had a sow that had some pigs running about with her in April last. There was a place open to her on each side of the barn. One faced the East and the other the West; and, I observed, that she sometimes took to one side and sometimes to the other. One evening her pigs had gone to bed on the East side. She was out eating till it began to grow dusk. I saw her go in to her pigs, and was surprised to see her come out again; and, therefore, looked a little to see what she was after. There was a high heap of dung in the front of the barn to the South. She walked up to the top of it, raised her nose, turned it very slowly, two or three times, from the North East to the North West, and back again, and at last, it settled at about South East, for a little bit. She then came back, and marched away very hastily to her pigs, roused them up in a great bustle, and away she tramped with them at her heels to the place on the West side of the barn. There was so little wind, that I could not tell which way it blew, till I took up some leaves, and tossed them in the air. I then found, that it came from the precise point which her nose had settled at. And thus was I convinced, that she had come out to ascertain which way the wind came, and finding it likely to make her young ones

cold in the night, she had gone and called them up, though it was nearly dark, and taken them off to a more comfortable birth. Was this an *instinctive*, or was it a *reasoning* proceeding ? At any rate, let us not treat such animals as if they were stocks and stones.

312. POULTRY.—I merely mean to observe, as to Poultry, that they must be kept away from Turnips and Cabbages, especially in the early part of the growth of these plants. When Turnips are an inch or two high a good large flock of Turkeys will destroy an acre in half a day in four feet rows. Ducks and Geese will do the same. Fowls will do great mischief. If these things cannot be kept out of the field, the crop must be abandoned, or the Poultry killed. It is true, indeed, that it is only near the house that Poultry plague you much ; but, it is equally true, that the best and richest land is precisely that which is near the house, and this, on every account, whether of produce or application, is the very land where you ought to have these crops.

313. I am by no means supposing, that Poultry ought, in no case, to make part of a farm-stock. I am only saying, that they must absolutely be kept from green and root crops while they are growing. Poultry, if this can be done, and if they be properly managed, are not only a very convenient resource in the way of house-keeping ; but, may yield, in certain situations, great profit as an article for sale. But much depends on the *management*. The quantities that are raised in France astonish English travellers. The climate is finer here than in France, for all sorts of Poultry ; yet, I am persuaded, that, upon any given quantity of food, the French raised ten for one pound of Poultry flesh raised here. There is a very fine work on the subject in French, which I have some notion of setting my son JAMES to translate and publish during the ensuing winter.

CHAP. IX.

PRICES OF LAND, LABOUR, FOOD AND RAIMENT.

314. *Land* is of various prices of course. But, as I am, in this Chapter, addressing myself to *English Farmers*, I am not speaking of the price of land in the *wildernesses*, nor of land in the immediate vicinage of great cities. The wilderness price is two or three dollars an acre ; the city price four or five hundred. The land at the same distance from New-York that Chelsea is from London is of higher price than the land at Chelsea. The surprising growth of these cities, and the brilliant prospect before them give value to every thing that is situated in or near them.

315. It is my intention, however, to speak only of *farming land*. This, too, is, of course, affected in its value by the circumstance of distance from market ; but, the reader will make his own calculations as to this matter. A farm, then, on this Island, any where not nearer than thirty miles off, and not more distant than sixty miles from New-York, with a good farm-house, barn, stables, sheds and styes ; the land fenced into fields with posts and rails, the wood land being in the proportion of one to ten of the arable land, and there being on the farm a pretty good orchard ; such a farm, if the land be in a good state, and of an average quality, is worth *sixty dollars an acre*, or *thirteen pounds sterling* ; of course, a farm of a hundred acres would cost one thousand three hundred pounds. The rich land on the *necks* and *bays*, where there are *meadows*, and surprisingly productive orchards, and where there is *water carriage*, are worth, in some cases, three or four times this price. But what I have said will be sufficient

to enable the reader to form a pretty correct judgment on the subject. In New-Jersey, in Pennsylvania, and every where, the price differs with the circumstances of water carriage, quality of land, and distance from market.

316. When I say a good farm-house, I mean a house *a great deal better* than the general *run* of farm-houses in England. More neatly finished on the inside. More in a *parlour* sort of style; though, *round about* the house, things do not look so neat and tight as in England. Even in Pennsylvania, and among the Quakers too, there is a sort of out-of-doors slovenliness, which is never, hardly, seen in England. You see bits of wood, timber, boards, chips, lying about, here and there, and pigs and cattle trampling about in a sort of confusion, which would make an English farmer fret himself to death; but which is here seen with great placidness. The out buildings, except the barns, and except in the finest counties of Pennsylvania, are not so numerous, or so capacious, as in England, in proportion to the size of the farms. The reason is, that the *weather is so dry*. Cattle need not covering a twentieth part so much as in England, except hogs, which must be *warm* as well as dry. However, these share with the rest, and very little covering they get.

317. *Labour* is the great article of expense upon a farm; yet it is not nearly so great as in England, in proportion to the amount of the produce of a farm, especially if the poor-rates be, in both cases, included. However, speaking of the positive wages, a *good* farm-labourer has *twenty-five pounds sterling a year*, and his board and lodging; and a *good* day labourer has, upon an average, *a dollar a day*. A woman servant, in a farm-house, has from forty to fifty dollars a year, or eleven pounds sterling. These are the average of the wages throughout the country. But, then, mind, the farmer has

nothing (for, really, it is not worth mentioning) to pay in *poor-rates*; which, in England, must always be added to the wages that a farmer pays; and, sometimes, they far exceed the wages.

318. It is, too, of importance to know, *what sort* of labourers these Americans are; for, though a labourer is a labourer, still there is some difference in them; and, these Americans are *the best that I ever saw*. They mow *four acres of oats, wheat, rye, or barley* in a day, and, with a cradle, lay it so smooth in the swarths, that it is tied up in sheaves with the greatest neatness and ease. They mow *two acres and a half of grass* in a day. And they do the work well. And the crops, upon an average, are all, except the wheat, as *heavy* as in England. The English farmer will want nothing more than these facts to convince him, that the labour, after all, is not *so very dear*.

319. The causes of these performances, so far beyond those in England, is, first, the men are *tall* and *well-built*; they are *long* rather than *fleshy*; and they *live*, as to food, as well as man can live. And secondly, they have been *educated* to do much in a day. The farmer here generally is at the head of his "*boys*," as they, in the kind language of the country, are called. Here is the best of examples. My old and beloved friend, Mr. JAMES PAUL, used, at the age of nearly *sixty* to go *at the head of his mowers*, though his fine farm was his own, and though he might, in other respects, be called a rich man; and, I have heard, that Mr. ELIAS HICKS, the famous Quaker preacher, who lives about nine miles from this spot, has, this year, at *seventy* years of age, cradled down four acres of rye in one day. I wish some of the *preachers* of other descriptions, especially our fat parsons in England, would think a little of this, and would betake themselves to "work "with their hands the things which be good, that they "may have to give to him who needeth," and not

go on any longer gormandizing and swilling upon the labour of those who need.

320. Besides the great quantity of work performed by the American labourer, his *skill*, the *versatility* of his talent, is a great thing. Every man can use an *ax*, a *saw*, and a *hammer*. Scarcely one who cannot do any job at rough carpentering, and mend a plough or a wagon. Very few indeed, who cannot kill and dress pigs and sheep, and many of them oxen and calves. Every farmer is a *neat butcher*; a butcher for *market*; and, of course, "the boys" must learn. This is a great convenience. It makes you so independent as to a main part of the means of house-keeping. All are *ploughmen*. In short, a good labourer here, can do *any thing* that is to be done upon a farm.

321. The operations necessary in miniature cultivation they are very awkward at. The *gardens* are *ploughed* in general. The American labourers use a *spade* in a very awkward manner. They *poke the earth about* as if they had no eyes; and toil and muck themselves half to death to dig as much ground in a day as a Surry man would dig in about an hour of hard work. *Banking, hedging*, they know nothing about. They have no idea of the use of a *bill-hook*, which is so adroitly used in the coppices of Hampshire and Sussex. An *ax* is their tool, and with that tool, at *cutting down* trees or *cutting them up*, they will do *ten times* as much in a day as any other men that I ever saw. Set one of these men on upon a wood of timber trees, and his slaughter will astonish you. A neighbour of mine tells a story of an Irishman, who could do *any thing*, and whom, therefore, to begin with, the employer sent into the wood to cut down a load of wood to burn. He staid a long while away with the team, and the farmer went to him, fearing some accident had happened. "What are you about all this time," said the farmer. The man was hacking away at a

hickory tree, but had not got it half down ; and that was all he had done. An American, black or white, would have had two or three trees cut down, cut up into lengths, put upon the carriage, and brought home, in the time.

322. So that our men, who come from England, must not expect, that, in these *common labours* of the country, they are to surpass, or even equal, these "Yankees," who, of all men, that I ever saw, are the most *active* and the most *hardy*. They skip over a fence like a gray-hound. They will catch you a pig in an open field by *racing* him down ; and they are afraid of nothing. This was the sort of stuff that filled the *frigates* of DECATUR, HULL, and BAINBRIDGE. No wonder that they triumphed, when opposed to poor pressed creatures, worn out by length of service and ill usage, and encouraged by no hope of fair play. My LORD COCHRANE said, in his place in parliament, that it would be so ; and so it was. Poor CASHMAN, that brave Irishman, with his dying breath, accused the government and the merchants of England of withholding from him his pittance of prize money ! Ought not such a vile, robbing, murderous system to be destroyed ?

323. Of the same active, hardy and brave stuff, too, was composed the army of JACKSON, who drove the invaders into the Gulf of Mexico, and who would have driven into the same Gulf the army of Waterloo, and the heroic gentleman, who lent his hand in the murder of Marshal NEY. This is the stuff that stands between the rascals, called the Holy Alliance, and the slavery of the whole civilized world. This is the stuff that gives us Englishmen an asylum ; that gives us time to breathe ; that enables us to deal our tyrants blows, which, without the existence of this stuff, they never could receive. This America, this scene of happiness under a free government, is the beam in the eye, the

thorn in the side, the worm in the vitals, of every despot upon the face of the earth.

324. An American labourer is not regulated, as to time, by *clocks* and *watches*. The *sun*, who seldom hides his face, tells him when to begin in the morning and when to leave off at night. He has a dollar, a *whole dollar*, for his work ; but then it is the work of a *whole day*. Here is no dispute about *hours*. "Hours were made for *slaves*," is an old saying ; and, really, they seem here to act upon it as a practical maxim. This is a *great thing* in agricultural affairs. It prevents so many disputes. It removes so great a cause of disagreement. The American labourers, like the tavern-keepers, are never *servile* but always *civil*. Neither *boorishness* nor *meanness* mark their character. They never *creep* and *fawn* ; and are never *rude*. Employed about your house as day-labourers, they never come to interlope for victuals or drink. They have no idea of such a thing. Their pride would restrain them if their plenty did not ; and, thus would it be with all labourers, in all countries, were they left to enjoy the fair produce of their labour. Full pocket or empty pocket, these American labourers are always the *same men* ; no saucy cowering in the one case, and no base crawling in the other. This, too, arises from the free institutions of government. A man has a voice *because he is a man*, and not because he is the *possessor of money*. And, shall I never see English labourers in this happy state ?

325. Let those English farmers, who love to see a poor wretched labourer stand trembling before them with his hat off, and who think no more of him than of a dog, remain where they are ; or, go off, on the Cavalry horses, to the devil at once, if they wish to avoid the tax-gatherer ; for, they would here, meet with so many mortifications, that they would, to a certainty, hang themselves in a month.

326. There are some, and even many, farmers,

who do not work themselves in the fields. But, they all attend to the thing, and are all equally civil to their working people. They manage their affairs very judiciously. Little talking. Orders plainly given in few words, and in a decided tone. This is their only secret.

327. Their cattle and implements used in husbandry are cheaper than in England ; that is to say, lower priced. The wear and tear not nearly half so much as upon a farm in England of the same size. The climate, the soil, the gentleness and docility of the horses and oxen, the lightness of the wagons and carts, the lightness and toughness of the wood of which husbandry implements are made, the simplicity of the harness, and, above all, the ingenuity and handiness of the workmen in repairing, and in making shift ; all these make the implements a matter of very little note. Where horses are kept, the shoeing of them is the most serious head of expense.

328. The first business of a farmer is here, and ought to be every where, to live well, to live in ease and plenty ; to "keep hospitality," as the old English saying was. To save money is a secondary consideration ; but, any English farmer, who is a good farmer there, may, if he will bring his industry and care with him, live in ease and plenty here, and keep hospitality, and save a great parcel of money too. If he have the Jack-Daw taste for heaping little round things together in a hole, or chest, he may follow his taste. I have often thought of my good neighbour, JOHN GATER, who, if he were here, with his pretty chipped hedges, his garden-looking fields, and his neat homesteads, would have visitors from far and near ; and, while every one would admire and praise, no soul would envy him his possessions. Mr. GATER would soon have all these things. The hedges only want planting ; and he would feel so comfortably to know

that the Botley Parson could never again poke his nose into his sheep-fold or his pig-stye. However, let me hope, rather, that the destruction of the Borough-tyranny, will soon make England a country fit for an honest and industrious man to live in. Let me hope, that a relief from grinding taxation will soon relieve men of their fears of dying in poverty, and will, thereby restore to England that "*hospitality*," for which she was once famed, but which now really exists nowhere but in America.

CHAP. X.

EXPENSES OF HOUSE-KEEPING.

329. It must be obvious, that these must be in proportion to the number in family, and to the *style* of living. Therefore, every one knowing how he stands in these two respects, the best thing for me to do is to give an account of the *prices* of house-rent, food, raiment, and servants ; or, as they are called here, *helpers*.

330. In the great cities and towns house-rent is very high priced ; but, then, nobody but mad people live there except they have *business* there, and then, they are paid back their rent in the *profits of that business*. This is so plain a matter, that no argument is necessary. It is unnecessary to speak about the expenses of a *farm-house* ; because, the farmer eats, and very frequently wears, his own produce. If these be high priced, so is that part which he *sells*. Thus both ends meet with him.

331. I am, therefore, supposing the case of a man, who follows *no business*, and who lives upon what he has got. In England he cannot eat and drink and wear the interest of his money ; for the Borough-mongers have *pawned* half his income, and they will have it, or his blood. He wishes to escape from this alternative. He wishes to keep his blood, and enjoy his money too. He would come to America ; but he does not know, whether prices here will not make up for the robbery of the Borough-villains ; and he wishes to know, too, *what sort of society* he is going into. Of the latter I will speak in the *next Chapter*.

332. The price of house-rent and fuel is, any where at more than three miles from New-York, as

low as it is at the same distance from any great city or town in England. The price of wheaten bread is a third lower than it is in any part of England. The price of beef, mutton, lamb, veal, small pork, hog-meat, poultry, is one half the London price, the first is as good, the two next very nearly as good, and all the rest far, very far, better than in London. The sheep and lambs that I now kill for my house are as fat as any that I ever saw in all my life : and they have been running in wild ground, wholly uncultivated for many years, all the summer. A lamb killed the week before last, weighing in the whole, thirty-eight pounds, had five pounds of loose fat and three pounds and ten ounces of suet. We cut a pound of solid fat from each breast, and, after that it was too fat to be pleasant to eat. My flock being very small, forty, or thereabouts, of some neighbours joined them ; and they have all got fat together. I have missed the interlopers lately. I suppose the "Yorkers" have eaten them up by this time. What they have fattened on except brambles and cedars, I am sure I do not know. If any Englishman should be afraid that he will find no roast-beef here, it may be sufficient to tell him, that an Ox was killed, last winter, at Philadelphia, the quarters of which, weighed two thousand, two hundred, and some odd pounds, and he was sold TO THE BUTCHER for one thousand three hundred dollars. This is proof enough of the spirit of enterprise, and of the disposition in the public to encourage it. I believe this to have been the fattest Ox that ever was killed in the world. Three times as much money, or, perhaps, ten times as much, might have been made if the Ox had been shown for money. But, this the owner would not permit ; and he sold the Ox on that condition. I need hardly say that the owner was a Quaker. New Jersey had the honour of producing this Ox, and the owner's name was JOR TYLER.

333. That there must be good *bread* in America is pretty evident from the well known fact that hundreds of thousands of barrels of flour are, most years, sent to England, finer than any that England can produce. And, having now provided the two principal articles, I will suppose, as a matter of course, that a gentleman will have a *garden*, an *orchard*, and a *cow* or two ; but, if he should be able (no easy matter) to find a genteel country-house without these conveniences, he may buy *butter*, cheaper, and, upon an average, better than in England. The garden stuff, if he send to New-York for it, he must buy pretty dear ; and, faith, he ought to buy it dear, if he will not have some planted and preserved.

334. *Cheese*, of Cheshire in Massachusetts, I have bought as good of Mr. STICKLER of New-York as I ever tasted in all my life : and, indeed, no better cheese need be wished for than what is now made in this country. The average price is about *seven pence a pound*, (English money,) which is much lower than even *middling* cheese in England. Perhaps, generally speaking, the cheese here is not so good as the better kinds in England ; but, there is none here so poor as the poorest in England. Indeed the people *would not eat it*, which is the best security against its being made. Mind, I state distinctly that as good cheese as I ever tasted, if not the best, was of American produce. I know the article well. Bread and cheese *dinners* have been the dinners a good fourth of my life. I know the Cheshire, Gloucester, Wiltshire, Stilton, and the Parmason ; and I never tasted better than American cheese, bought of Mr. STICKLER, in Broad-Street, New-York. And, indeed, why should it not be thus in a country where the pasture is so rich ; where the sun warms every thing into sweetness ; where the cattle eat the grass close under the shade of the thickest trees, which we know well they will

not do in England ? Take any fruit which has grown in the shade in England, and you will find that it has not half the sweetness in it, that there is in fruit of the same bulk, grown in the sun. But, here the sun sends his heat down through all the boughs and leaves. The *manufacturing* of cheese is not yet *generally*, brought in this country, to the English perfection ; but, here are all the materials, and the rest will soon follow.

335. *Groceries*, as they are called, are, upon an average, at far less than *half* the English price. Tea, sugar, coffee, spices, chocolate, cocoa, salt, sweet oil : all free of 'the boroughmongers' *taxes* and their *spawn*, are so cheap as to be within the reach of every one. Chocolate, which is a *treat to the rich*, in England, is here used even by *the negroes*. Sweet oil, raisins, currants ; all the things from the Levant, are not a *fourth* or *fifth* of the English price. The English people, who pay enormously to keep possession of the East and West-Indies, purchase the produce even of the English possessions at a price double of that which the Americans give for that *very produce* ! What a hellish oppression must that people live under ! Candles and soap (quality for quality) are half the English price. Wax candles (beautiful,) are at a *third* of the English price. It is no very great piece of extravagance to burn wax candles *constantly* here, and it is frequently done by genteel people, who do not make their own candles.

336. *Fish* I have not mentioned, because fish is not *every where* to be had in abundance. But, any where near the coast it is ; and, it is so cheap, that one wonders how it can be brought to market for the money. Fine Black-rock, as good, at least, as Codfish, I have seen sold, and in cold weather too, at an *English farthing a pound*. They now bring us fine fish round the country to our doors, at an English three pence a pound. I believe they count

fifty or sixty sorts of fish in New-York market, as the average. Oysters, other shell-fish, called Clams. In short, the variety and abundance are such that I cannot describe them.

337. An idea of the state of *plenty* may be formed from these facts : nobody but the free negroes who have families ever think of eating a *sheep's head and pluck*. It is seldom that *Oxes' heads* are used at home, or *sold*, and never in the country. In the course of the year hundreds of *calves heads*, large bits and *whole joints* of meat, are left on the shambles, at New-York, for any body to *take away* that will. They generally fall to the share of the *street hogs*, a thousand or two of which are constantly *fatting* in New-York on the meat and fish flung out of the houses. I shall be told, that it is only in *hot weather*, that the shambles are left thus garnished. Very true ; but, are the shambles of *any other country* thus garnished in *hot weather*? Oh ! no ! If it were not for the superabundance, all the good would be sold at *some price* or other.

338. After bread, flesh, fish, fowl, butter, cheese and groceries, comes *fruit*. Apples, pears, cherries, peaches at a *tenth* part of the English price. The other day I met a man going to market with a wagon load of *winter pears*. He had high boards on the sides of the wagon, and his wagon held about 40 or 50 bushels. I have bought very good apples this year for *four pence half penny* (English) a bushel to boil for little pigs. Besides these, strawberries grow wild in abundance ; but, no one would take the trouble to get them. Huckleberries in the woods in great abundance, chestnuts all over the country. Four pence half penny (English) a quart for these latter. Cranberries, the finest fruit for tarts that ever grew, are bought for about a dollar a bushel, and they will keep, flung down in the corner of a room, for five months in the year. As a sauce to venison or mutton, they are as good

as currant jelly. Pine apples in abundance, for several months in the year, at an average of an English shilling each. Melons at an average of an English eight pence. In short, what is there not in the way of fruit? All excellent of their kinds and all for a mere trifle, compared to what they cost in England.

339. I am afraid to speak of *drink*, lest I should be supposed to countenance the *common use* of it. But, protesting most decidedly against this conclusion, I proceed to inform those, who are not content with the *Cow* for vintner and brewer, that all the materials for making people drunk, or muddle headed, are much cheaper here than in England. Beer, *good ale*, I mean, a great deal better than the common public-house beer in England; in short, good, strong, clear ale, is, at New-York, eight dollars a barrel; that is, about *fourteen English pence a gallon*. Brew yourself, in the country, and it is *about seven English pence a gallon*; that is to say, *less than two pence a quart*. No Boroughmonger's tax on malt, hops, or beer! Portugal wine is *about half* the price that it is in England. French wine *a sixth part* of the English price. Brandy and Rum about the same in proportion; and the common spirits of the country are about three shillings and six pence (English) *a gallon*. Come on, then, if you love topping; for here you may drink yourselves blind at the price of six pence.

340. WEARING APPAREL comes chiefly from England, and all the *materials* of dress are as cheap as they are there; for, though there is a duty laid on the importation, the absence of taxes and the cheap food and drink enable the retailer to sell as low here as there. Shoes are cheaper than in England; for, though shoe-makers are well paid for their labour, there is no borough-villain to *tax the leather*. All the *India* and *French* goods are at half the English price. Here no ruffian can seize you by the throat.

and tear off your suspected handkerchief. Here SIGNOR WALTHMAN, or any body in that line, might have sold French gloves and shawls without being tempted to quit the field of politics as a compromise with the government ; and without any breach of covenants after being suffered to escape with only a gentle squeeze.

341. *Household furniture* all cheaper than in England. Mahogany timber a third part of the English price. The distance shorter to bring it, and the tax next to nothing on importation. The woods here, the pine, the ash, the white-oak, the walnut, the tulip-tree, and many others, all excellent. The workman paid high wages, but no tax. Neighbour-villains to share in the amount of the price.

342. Horses, carriages, harness, all as good, as gay, and cheaper than in England. I hardly ever saw a *rip* in this country. The hackney coach horses, and the coaches themselves, at New-York, bear no resemblance to things of the same name in London. The former are all good, sound, clean, and handsome. What the latter are I need describe in no other way than to say, that the coaches seem fit for nothing but the fire, and the horses for the dogs.

343. *Domestic Servants* ! This is a weighty article : not in the cost, however, so much as in the plague. A *good man servant* is worth *thirty pounds sterling* a year ; and a *good woman servant*, *twenty pounds sterling* a year. But, this is not all ; for, in the first place, they will hire only by the month. This is what they, in fact, do in England ; for, there they can quit at a month's warning. The man will not wear a *livery*, any more than he will wear a halter round his neck. This is no great matter ; for, as your neighbours' men are of the same taste, you expose yourself to no humiliation on this score. Neither men nor women will allow you to call them servants, and they will take especial care not to

call themselves by that name. This seems something very capricious, at the least; and, as people in such situations of life, really *are* servants, according to even the sense which Moses gives to the word, when he forbids the working of the *man servant* and the *maid servant*, the objection, the rooted aversion to the name, seems to bespeak a mixture of *false pride* and of *insolence*, neither of which belong to the American character, even in the lowest walks of life. I will, therefore, explain the *cause* of this dislike of the name of servant. When this country was first settled, there were no people that *laboured for other people*; but, as man is always trying to throw the working part off his own shoulders, as we see by the conduct of *priests* in all ages, *negroes* were soon introduced. *Englishmen*, who had fled from *tyranny* at home, were naturally shy of calling other men their *slaves*; and, therefore, "for more grace," as Master Matthew says in the play, they called their slaves *servants*. But, though I doubt not that this device was quite efficient in quieting their own consciences, it gave rise to the notion, that *slave* and *servant* meant one and the same thing, a conclusion perfectly natural and directly deducible from the premises. Hence every free man and woman have rejected with just disdain the appellation of *servant*. One would think, however, that they might be reconciled to it by the conduct of some of their superiors in life, who, without the smallest apparent reluctance, call themselves "*Public Servants*," in imitation, I suppose, of English Ministers and his Holiness, the Pope, who, in the excess of his humility, calls himself, "*the Servant of the Servants of the Lord*." But, perhaps, the American domestics have observed, that "*Public Servant*" really means *master*. Be the cause what it may, however, they continue most obstinately to scout the name of *servant*; and, though they still keep a civil tongue in their head,

there is not one of them that will not resent the affront with more bitterness than any other that you can offer. The man, therefore, who would deliberately offer such an affront must be a fool. But, there is an inconvenience far greater than this. People in general are so comfortably situated, that very few, and those who are not pushed hard, will become domestics to any body. So that, generally speaking, domestics of both sexes are far from good. They are *honest*; but they are not *obedient*. They are careless. Wanting frequently in the greater part of those qualities, which make their services conducive to the neatness of houses and comfort of families. What a difference would it make in this country, if it could be supplied with nice, clean, dutiful English maid servants! As to the *men*, it does not much signify; but, for the want of the maids, nothing, but the absence of grinding taxation, can compensate. As to bringing *some with you*, it is as wild a project as it would be to try to carry the sunbeams to England. They will begin to change before the ship gets on soundings; and, before they have been here a month, you must turn them out of doors, or they will you. If, by any chance, you *find them here*, it may do; but bring them out and keep them you cannot. The best way is to put on your philosophy; never to look at this evil without, at the same time, looking at the many good things that you find here. Make the best selection you can. Give *good wages*, not too much work, and resolve, at all events, to treat them with *civility*.

344. However, what is this plague, compared with that of the *tax-gatherer*? What is this plague, compared with the constant sight of beggars and paupers, and the constant dread of becoming a pauper or beggar yourself? If your commands are not obeyed with such alacrity as in England, you have, at any rate, nobody to *command you*. You are not ordered to "*stand and deliver*" twenty or thirty

times in the year by the insolent agent of Borough-mongers. No one comes to forbid you to open or shut up a window. No insolent set of Commissioners send their order for you to dance attendance on them, to *show cause* why they should not *double tax* you; and, when you have shown cause, even on your oath, make you pay the tax, laugh in your face, and leave you *an appeal* from themselves to another set, deriving their authority from the same source, and having a similar interest in oppressing you, and thus laying your property prostrate beneath the hoof of an insolent and remorseless tyranny. Free, wholly free, from this tantalizing, this grinding, this odious curse, what need you care about the petty plagues of Domestic Servants?

345. However, as there are some men and some women, who can never be at hearts' ease, unless they have the power of domineering over somebody or other, and who will rather be slaves themselves than not have it in their power to treat others as slaves, it becomes a man of fortune, proposing to emigrate to America, to consider soberly, whether he, or his wife, be of this taste; and, if the result of his consideration be in the affirmative, his best way will be to continue to live under the Borough-mongers, or, which I would rather recommend, hang himself at once.

CHAPTER XI.

MANNERS, CUSTOMS AND CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

346. All these are, generally speaking, the same as those of the people of England. The French call this people *Les Anglo-Américains*; and, indeed, what are they else? Of the manners and customs somewhat peculiar to America I have said so much here and there, in former Chapters, that I can hardly say any thing new here upon those matters. But; as *Society* is naturally a great thing with a gentleman, who thinks of coming hither with a wife and children, I will endeavour to describe the society that he will find here. To give general description is not so satisfactory as it is to deal a little in particular instances; to tell of what one has seen and experienced. This is what I shall do; and, in this Chapter I wish to be regarded as addressing myself to a most worthy and public spirited gentleman of moderate fortune, in Lancashire, who, with a large family, now balances, whether he shall come or stay.

347. Now, then, my dear Sir, this people contains very few persons very much raised in men's estimation, above the general mass; for, though there are some men of immense *fortunes*, their wealth does very little indeed in the way of purchasing even the outward signs of respect; and, as to *adulation*, it is not to be purchased with money. Men, be they what they may, are generally called by their *two names*, without any thing prefixed or added. I am one of the greatest men in this country at present; for people in general call me "Cobbeitt," though the Quakers provokingly persevere in putting the *William* before it, and my old friends in Pennsylvania, use even the word *Billy*, which, in

the very sound of the letters, is an antidote to every thing like thirst for distinction.

348. Fielding, in one of his romances, observes, that there are but few cases, in which a husband can be justified in availing himself of the right which the law gives him to bestow manual chastisement upon his wife, and that one of these, he thinks, is, when any pretensions to *superiority of blood* make their appearance in her language and conduct. They have a better cure for this malady here; namely; silent, but *ineffable contempt*.

349. It is supposed, in England, that this equality of estimation must beget a general coarseness and rudeness of behaviour. Never was there a greater mistake. No man likes to be treated with disrespect; and, when he finds, that he can obtain respect only by treating others with respect, he will use that only means. When he finds that neither haughtiness nor wealth will bring him a civil word, he becomes civil himself; and, I repeat it again and again, this is a country of *universal civility*.

350. The causes of *hypocrisy* are the fear of loss and the hope of gain. Men crawl to those, whom, in their hearts they despise, because they fear the effects of their ill-will and hope to gain by their good-will. The circumstances of all ranks are so easy here, that there is no cause for hypocrisy; and the thing is not of so fascinating a nature, that men should love it for its own sake.

351. The boasting of wealth and the endeavouring to disguise poverty, these two acts, so painful to contemplate, are almost total strangers in this country; for, no man can gain adulation or respect by wealth, because no man sees any dreadful effects arising from poverty.

352. That *anxious eagerness to get on*, which is seldom unaccompanied with some degree of *envy* of more successful neighbours, and which has its foundation first in a *dread of future want*, and next in a *desire*

to obtain distinction by the means of wealth ; this anxious eagerness, so unamiable in itself, so unpleasant an inmate of the breast, so great a sourer of the temper, is a stranger to America, where accidents and losses, which would drive an Englishman half mad, produce but very little agitation.

353. From the absence of so many causes of uneasiness, of envy, of jealousy, of rivalry and of mutual dislike, *society*, that is to say, the intercourse between man and man, and family and family, becomes easy and pleasant ; while the universal plenty is the cause of universal hospitality. I know, and have never known but little of the people in the cities and towns in America ; but the difference between them and the people in the country can only be such as is found in all other countries. As to the manner of living in the country, I was, the other day, at a gentleman's house, and I asked the lady for *her bill of fare for the year*. I saw *fourteen fat hogs*, weighing about *twenty score a piece*, which were to come into the house the next Monday ; for here they slaughter them *all in one day*. This led me to ask, "Why in God's name, what do you eat " in a year ?" The bill of fare was this, for this present year : about *this same quantity of hog meat* ; *four beeves*, and *forty-six fat sheep* ! Besides the *sucking-pigs*, of which we had then one on the table, besides *lambs*, and besides the produce of *seventy hen fowls*, not to mention good parcels of *geese*, *ducks*, and *turkeys*, but, not to forget a garden of three quarters of an acre and *the butter of ten cows*, not one ounce of which is ever sold ! What do you think of that ? Why, you will say, this must be some *great, over-grown farmer*, that has swallowed up half the country ; or some *nabob* sort of merchant. Not at all. He has only *one hundred and fifty-four acres of land* ! All he consumes is of the produce of this land, and he lives in the same house that his English-born grand-father lived in.

354. When the hogs are killed, the house is full of work. The sides are salted down as pork. The hams are smoked. The lean meats are made into sausages, of which, in this family, they make about two hundred weight. These latter, with boiled fish, eggs, dried beef, dried mutton, slices of ham, tongue, bread, butter, cheese, short cakes, buckwheat cakes, sweet meats of various sorts, and many other things, make up the *breakfast fare* of the year, though by way of *make weight*, a dish of *beef-steaks* is frequently added.

355. When one sees this sort of living, with the houses full of good beds ready for the guests as well as the family to sleep in, we cannot help perceiving, that this is that "*English Hospitality*," of which we have *read* so much : but, whichborough-mongers' taxes and parsons have long since driven out of England. This American way of life puts me in mind of FORTESCUE's fine description of the happy state of the English, produced by their *good laws*, which kept every man's property sacred even from the grasp of the King. "Every inhabitant," says he, "is at his liberty fully to use and enjoy "whatever his farm produceth, the fruits of the "earth, the increase of his flock, and the like. "All the improvements he makes, whether by his "own proper industry, or of those he retains in his "service, are his own to use and enjoy without the "lett, interruption, or denial of any. If he be in "any wise injured, or oppressed, he shall have his "amends and satisfaction against the party offend-ing. Hence it is, that the inhabitants are rich in "gold, silver, and in all the necessaries and con- "veniences of life. They drink no water, unless "at certain times, upon a religious score, and by "way of doing penance. They are fed, in great "abundance, with all sorts of flesh and fish, of "which they have plenty every where ; they are "cloathed throughout in good woollens ; their bed-

“ ding and other furniture in their houses are of wool, and that in great store. They are also well provided with all other sorts of household goods, and necessary implements for husbandry. Every one, according to his rank, hath all things which conduce to make life easy and happy. They are not sued at law but before the ordinary judges, where they are treated with mercy and justice according to the laws of the land ; neither are they impleaded in point of law property, or arraigned for any capital crime, how heinous soever, but before the King's judges, and according to the laws of the land. These are the advantages consequent from that *political mixt government* which obtains in *England*. ”

356. This was the state of England four hundred years ago ; and this, with the *polish* of modern times added, is now the state of the Americans. Their forefathers brought the “ English Hospitality” with them ; for, when they left the country, the infernal *boroughmonger funding system* had not begun. The STUARTS were *religious* and *prerogative* tyrants : but they were not, like their successors, the *boroughmongers*, taxing, plundering tyrants. Their quarrels with their subjects were about mere words : with the *boroughmongers* it is a question of purses and strong-boxes, of goods and chattels, lands and tenements. “ *Confiscation*” is their word ; and you must submit, be starved, hanged, or flee. They take away men's property at their pleasure, without any appeal to any tribunal. They appoint commissioners to seize what they choose. There is, in fact no law of property left. The Bishop-begotten and hell-born system of funding has stripped England of every vestige of what was her ancient character. Her hospitality along with her freedom have crossed the Atlantic ; and here they live to shame our ruffian tyrants, if they were sen-

sible of shame, and to give shelter to those who may be disposed to deal them distant blows.

357. It is not with a little bit of dry toast, so neatly put in a rack ; a little bit of butter, so round and so small ; a little milk pot, so pretty and so empty ; an egg *for you* (the host and hostess not liking eggs.) It is not with looks that seems to say "don't eat too much, for the tax-gatherer is coming." It is not thus, that you are received in America. You are not much asked, not much *pressed*, to eat and drink ; but, such an abundance is spread before you, and so hearty and so cordial is your reception, that you instantly lose all restraint, and are tempted to feast, whether you be hungry or not. And, though the *manner* and *style* are widely different in different houses, the *abundance* every where prevails. This is the strength of the government : a happy people : and no government ought to have any other strength.

358. But you may say, perhaps, that plenty, however great, is not *all* that is wanted. Very true ; for the *mind* is of more account than the *carrion*. But, here is *mind* too. These repasts, amongst people of any figure, come forth under the superintendance of industrious and accomplished housewives, or their daughters, who all *read a great deal*, and in whom that gentle treatment from parents and husbands, which arise from an absence of racking anxiety, has created an habitual and even an hereditary *good humour*. These ladies can converse with you upon almost any subject, and the ease and gracefulness of their behaviour are surpassed by those of none of even our best-tempered English women. They fade at an earlier age than in England ; but till then, they are as beautiful as the women in Cornwall, which contains, to my thinking, the prettiest women in our country. However, young or old, blooming or fading, well or ill, rich or poor, they still preserve their *good humour*.

" But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay,
 " Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray ;
 " Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 " And she who scorns a man must die a maid ;
 " What, then, remains, but well our pow'r to use,
 " And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose ?
 " And, trust me, Dear, good humour can prevail,
 " When flights and fits and screams and scolding fail."

359. This beautiful passage, from the most beautiful of poets, which ought to be fastened, in large print, upon every lady's dressing table, the American women, of all ranks, seem to have by heart. Even amongst the very lowest of the people, you seldom hear of that torment which the old proverb makes the twin of a smoky house.

360. There are very few really *ignorant* men in America of native growth. Every farmer is more or less of a *reader*. There is no *brogue*, no *provincial dialect*. No class like that which the French call *peasantry*, and which degrading appellation the miscreant spawn of the funds have, of late years, applied to the whole mass of the most useful people in England, those who do the work and fight the battles. And, as to the men, who would naturally form *your acquaintance*, they, I know from experience, are as kind, frank, and sensible men as are on the general run, to be found in England, even with the power of selection. They are all well-informed ; modest without shyness ; always free to communicate what they know, and never ashamed to acknowledge that they have yet to learn. You never hear them *boast* of their possessions, and you never hear them *complaining* of their wants. They have all been *readers* from their youth up ; and there are few subjects upon which they cannot converse with you, whether of a political or scientific nature. At any rate, they always *hear* with patience. I do not know that I ever heard a native American interrupt another man while he was speaking. This *sedateness* and

coolness, the *deliberate* manner in which they say and do every thing, and the *slowness* and *reserve* with which they express their assent : these are very wrongly estimated, when they are taken for marks of a want of feeling. It must be a tale of woe indeed, that will bring a tear from an American's eye ; but any trumped up story will send his hand to his pocket, as the ambassadors from the beggars of France, Italy and Germany can fully testify.

361. However you will not, for a long while know what to do for want of the *quick responses* of the English tongue, and the *decided* tone of the English expression. The *loud voice* ; the *hard squeeze* by the hand ; the *instant assent or dissent* ; the *clamorous joy* ; the *bitter wailing* ; the *ardent friendship* ; the *deadly enmity* ; the *love that makes people kill themselves*, the *hatred that makes them kill others*. All these belong to the character of Englishmen, in whose minds and hearts every feeling exists in the *extreme*. To decide the question, which character is, upon the whole, *best*, the American or the English, we must appeal to some *third party*. But it is no matter : we cannot change our natures. For my part, who can, in nothing think or act by halves, I must belie my own nature, if I said that I did not like the character of my own countrymen best. We all like our own parents and children better than other people's parents and children ; not because they are better, but because they are ours ; because they belong to us and we to them, and because we must resemble each other. There are some Americans I like full as well as I do any men in England ; but if, nation against nation, I put the question home to my heart, it instantly decides in favour of my countrymen.

362. You must not be offended if you find people here take but little interest in the concerns of England. Why should they ? BOLTON FLETCHER cannot hire spies to entrap them. As matter of

curiosity they may contemplate such works as those of FLETCHER, but they cannot *feel* much upon the subject ; and they are not insincere enough to express much.

363. There is one thing in the Americans, which, though its proper place was further back, I have reserved, or rather, *kept* back, to the last moment. It has presented itself several times ; but I have turned from the thought, as men do from thinking of any mortal disease that is at work in their frame. It is not covetousness ; it is not niggardliness ; it is not insincerity ; it is not enviousness ; it is not cowardice, above all things : it is DRINKING. Ay, and that, too, amongst but too many men, who, one would think, would loath it. You can go into hardly any man's house, without being asked to drink wine, or spirits, even *in the morning*. They are quick at meals, are little eaters, seem to care little about what they eat, and never talk about it. This, which arises out of the universal abundance of good and even fine eatables, is very amiable. You are here disgusted with none of those *eaters* by *reputation* that are found, especially amongst the *parsons*, in England : fellows that *unbutton* at it. Nor do the Americans *sit and tope much after dinner*, and talk on till they get into nonsense and smut, which last is a sure mark of a silly, and pretty generally of a base mind. But, they *tipple* ; and the infernal spirits they *tipple* too ! The scenes that I witnessed at Harrisburg I shall never forget. I almost wished, (God forgive me,) that there were boroughmongers here to *tax* these drinkers : they would soon reduce them to a moderate dose. Any nation that feels itself uneasy with its fulness of good things, has only to resort to an application of boroughmongers. These are by no means nice feeders or of contracted throat : they will suck down any thing from the poor man's pot of beer to the rich man's lands and tenements.

364. The Americans preserve their gravity and quietness and good humour even in their drink ; and so much the worse. It were far better for them to be as noisy and quarrelsome as the English drunkards, for, then, the odiousness of the vice would be more visible, and the vice itself might become less frequent. Few vices want an *apology*, and drinking has not only its apologies but its *praises* ; for besides the appellation of "*generous wine*," and the numerous songs, some in very elegant and witty language, from the pens of debauched men of talents, drinking is said to be necessary, in certain cases at least, to *raise the spirits*, and to *keep out cold*. Never was any thing more false. Whatever intoxicates must enfeeble in the end, and whatever enfeebles must *chill*. It is very well known, in the northern countries, that, if the cold be such as to produce danger of *frost-biting*, you must take care *not to drink strong liquors*.

365. To see this beastly vice in *young men* is shocking. At one of the taverns at Harrisburg there were several, as fine young men as I ever saw. Well dressed, well educated, polite, and every thing but *sober*. What a squalid, drooping, sickly set they looked in the morning ! What contrast with the looks of my son William, to whom, if any warning against drinking had been necessary, here was a warning to last him for his life.

366. Even little boys at, or under, *twelve years* of age, go into *stores*, and tip off their *drams* ! I never struck a child, in anger, in my life, that I recollect ; but if I were so unfortunate as to have a son to do this, he having had an example of the contrary in me, I would, if all other means of reclaiming him failed, whip him like a dog, or which would be better, make him an *out-cast* from my family.

367. However, I must not be understood as meaning, that this *tippling* is *universal* amongst gen-

lemen ; and, God be thanked, the *women* in any figure in life do by no means give into the practice; but abhor it as much as well bred women in England, who in general, no more think of drinking strong liquors, than they do of drinking poison.

368. I shall be told that men in the *harvest field* must have *something* to drink. To be sure, where perspiration almost instantly carries off the drink, the latter does not remain so long to burn the liver, or whatever else it does burn. But I much question the utility, even here ; and I think that, in the long run, a water-drinker would beat a spirit drinker at any thing, provided both had plenty of good food. And besides *beer*, which does not burn, at any rate, is within every one's reach in America, if he will but take the trouble to brew it.

369. A man at Botley, whom I was very severely reproaching for getting drunk, and lying in the road, whose name was JAMES ISAACS, and who was, by the by, one of the hardest workers I ever knew, said, in answer, "Why, now, Sir, Noah and Lot were two very good men, you know, and yet they loved a *drop of drink*." "Yes, you drunken fool," replied I, "but you do not read that Isaac ever got drunk and rolled about the road." I could not help thinking, however, that the BIBLE SOCIETIES, with the wise Emperor Alexander and the Holy Alliance at their head, might as well (to say nothing about the *cant* of the thing) leave the Bible to work its own way. I had seen Isaacs dead drunk, lying stretched out, by my front gate, against the public highway ; and if he had followed the example of Noah, he would not have endeavoured to excuse himself in the modest manner that he did, but would have affixed an *everlasting curse on me and my children to all generations*.

370. The soldiers, in the regiment that I belonged to, many of whom had served in the Amer-

'rican war, had a saying that the *Quakers* used the word *tired* in place of the word drunk. Whether any of them do ever get *tired* themselves, I know not; but, at any rate, they most resolutely set their faces against the common use of spirits. They forbid their members to retail them; and, in case of disobedience, they *disown* them.

371. However, there is no remedy but the introduction of *beer*, and, I am happy to know that it is, every day, becoming more and more fashionable. At Bristol in Pennsylvania I was pleased to see excellent beer in clean and nice pewter pots. Beer does not kill. It does not eat out the vitals and take the colour from the cheek. It will make men "*tired*," indeed, by midnight; but it does not make them half dead in the morning. We call wine the *juice of the grape*, and such it is with a proportion of *ardent spirits* equal, in Portugal wine, to a *fifth* of the wine; and, therefore, when a man has taken down a bottle of Port or of Madeira, he has nearly *half a pint* of ardent spirit in him. And yet how many foolish mothers give their children Port wine to *strengthen* them! I never like your wine *physicians*, though they are great favourites with but too many patients. BONIFACE, in the *Beaux Stratagem*, says that he has eat his ale, drunk his ale, worked upon his ale and slept upon his ale, for forty years, and that he has grown fatter and fatter; but, that his wife (God rest her soul!) would not take it *pure*: she would adulterate it with brandy; till, at last finding that the poor woman was never well, he put a tub of her favourite by her bedside, which, in a short time, brought her "*a happy release*" from this state of probation, and carried her off into "*the world of spirits*." Whether BONIFACE meant this as a *pun*, I do not know; for, really, if I am to judge from the practice of many of the vagrant fanatics, I must believe, that when they rave about the *spirit's entering them*,

they mean that which goes out of a glass down their throat. Priests may make what they will of their Devil ; they may make him a reptile with a forked tongue, or a beast with a cloven hoof ; they may, like Milton, dress him out with seraphic wings ; or, like Saint Francis, they may give him horns and tail : but, I say that the Devil who is the strongest tempter and who produces the most mischief in the world approaches us in the shape of *liquid*, not melted brimstone, but wine, gin, brandy, rum and whiskey. One comfort is, however, that this Devil, of whose existence we can have no doubt, who is visible and even tangible, we can, if we will, without the aid of Priests, or, rather in spite of them, easily and safely set at defiance. There are many wrong things which men do against the general and natural bent of their minds. Fraud, theft, and even murder, are frequently, and most frequently, the offspring of *want*. In these cases it is a choice of evils ; *crime* or *hunger*. But drinking to excess is a man's own act ; an evil deliberately sought after, an act of violence committed against reason and against nature, and that, too, without the smallest temptation, except from that vicious appetite, which he himself has voluntarily created.

372. You, my dear Sir, stand in need of no such lectures as this, and the same is, I hope, the case with the far greater part of my readers ; but if it tend, in the smallest degree, to check the fearful growth of this tree of unmixed evil ; if it should make the bottle less cherished even in one small circle : nay, if it keep but one single young man in the world in the paths of sobriety, how could my time have been better bestowed ?

CHAP. XII.

RURAL SPORTS.

373. There are persons, who question *the right* of man to pursue and destroy the wild animals, which are called *game*. Such persons, however, claim the right of killing *foxes* and *hawks*; yet, these have as much right to live and to follow their food as *pheasants* and *partridges* have. This, therefore, in such persons, is *nonsense*.

374. Others, in their mitigated hostility to the sports of the field, say, that it is *wanton cruelty* to shoot or hunt; and that we *kill* animals from the farm yard only because their flesh is *necessary to our own existence*. PROVE THAT. No: you cannot. If you could, it is but the “*tyrant’s plea*;” but you cannot: for we know that men can, and do, live without animal food, and live well too, and longer than those who eat it. It comes to this, then, that we kill hogs and oxen because we *choose* to kill them; and, we kill game for precisely the same reason.

375. A third class of objectors, seeing the weak position of the two former, and still resolved to eat flesh, take their stand upon this ground: that sportsmen send some game off *wounded* and leave them in *a state of suffering*. These gentlemen forget the operations performed upon calves, pigs, lambs and sometimes on poultry. Sir ISAAC COFFIN prides himself upon teaching the English ladies how to make *Turkey Capons*. Only think of the separation of calves, pigs and lambs, at an early age, from their mothers! Go! you sentimental eaters of veal, sucking pig and lamb, and hear the mournful lowings, whinings and bleatings; observe the anxious listen, the wistful look, and the dropping tear, of the disconsolate dams; and, then, while you

have the carcasses of their young ones under your teeth, cry out (as soon as you can empty your mouths a little) against the *cruelty* of hunting and shooting. Get up from dinner (but take care to stuff well first) and go and drown the puppies of the bitch and the kittens of the cat, lest they should share a little in what the mothers have guarded with so much fidelity ; and, as good stuffing may tend to make you restless in the night, order the geese to be picked alive, that, however your consciences may feel, your bed, at least, may be easy and soft. Witness all this with your own eyes ; and then go weeping to bed, at the possibility of a hare having been terribly frightened without being killed, or of a bird having been left in a thicket with a shot in its body or a fracture in its wing. But, before you go up stairs, give your servant orders to be early at market for fish, fresh out of the water ; that is to say, to be *scaled*, or *skinned alive* ! A truce with you, then, sentimental eaters of flesh ; and here I propose the terms of a lasting compromise with you. We must, on each side, yield something : we sportsmen will content ourselves with merely *seeing the hares skip and the birds fly* ; and you shall be content with the flesh and fish that come from cases of *natural death*, of which, I am sure, your compassionate disposition will not refuse us a trifling allowance.

376. Nor have even the *Pythagoreans* a much better battery against us. SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, who once rang a peal in my ears against shooting and hunting, does, indeed, eat neither *flesh, fish, nor fowl*. His abstinence surpasses that of a Carmelite, while his bulk would not disgrace a Benedictine Monk or a Protestant Dean. But, he forgets, that his *shoes* and *breeches* and *gloves* are made of the skins of animals : he forgets that he *writes* (and very eloquently too) with what has been cruelly taken from a fowl, and that, in order to cover the *books* which he has

made and sold, hundreds of flocks and scores of droves must have perished : nay, that to get him his *beaver-hat*, a beaver must have been *hunted* and killed, and, in the doing of which, many beavers may have been *wounded* and left to pine away the rest of their lives ; and, perhaps, many little orphan beavers, left to lament the murder of their parents. BEN LEY was the only real and sincere Pythagorean of modern times, that I ever heard of. He protested, not only against eating the flesh of animals, but also against robbing their backs ; and, therefore, his dress consisted wholly of *flax*. But even he, like Sir Richard Phillips, eat milk, butter, cheese and eggs, though this was cruelly robbing hens, cows and calves ; and, indeed, causing the murder of the calves. In addition poor BEN forgot the materials of *book-binding* ; and, it was well he did ; for, else, his Bible would have gone into the fire !

377. Taking it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of *humanity*, the sports of the field, like every thing else done in the fields, tend to produce, or preserve, *health*. I prefer them to all other pastime, because they produce *early rising* ; because they have no tendency to lead young men into vicious habits. It is where men *congregate*, that the vices haunt. A hunter or a shooter *may* also be a gambler and a drinker ; but he is *less likely* to be fond of the two latter, if he be fond of the former. Boys will take to *something* in the way of pastime ; and, it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than that which is vicious, unhealthy and effeminate. Besides, the scenes of rural sports are necessary at a *distance from cities and towns*. This is another great consideration ; for though great talents are wanted to be *employed* in the *hives of men*, they are very rarely acquired

in those hives: the surrounding objects are too numerous, and too near the eye, too frequently under it, and too artificial.

378. For these reasons I have always encouraged my sons to pursue these sports. They have, until the age of 14 or 15, spent their time, by day, chiefly amongst horses and dogs, and in the fields and farm yard; and, their candle-light has been spent chiefly in reading books about hunting and shooting and about dogs and horses. I have supplied them plentifully with *books* and *prints* relating to these matters. They have *drawn* horses, dogs, and game themselves. These things, in which they took so deep an interest, not only engaged their attention and wholly kept them from all taste for, and even all knowledge of, *cards* and other senseless amusements; but, they led them to *read and write of their own accord*; and, never in my life have I set them a copy in writing nor attempted to teach them a word of reading. They have learnt to read by looking into books about dogs and game; and they have learnt to write by imitating my writing, and by writing endless letters to me, when I have been from home, about their dogs and other rural concerns. While the Borough-tyrants had me in Newgate for two years, with a thousand pounds fine, for having expressed my indignation at their flogging of Englishmen, in the heart of England, under a guard of Hanoverian sabres, I received *volumes of letters* from my children; and, I have them now, from the *scrawl* at the age of three years, to the neat and beautiful hand of my eldest daughter at thirteen. I never told them of any *errors* in their letters. All was well. The best evidence of the utility of their writing, and the strongest encouragement to write again, was a very clear answer from me, in a very precise hand, and upon very nice paper, which they never failed promptly to receive. They have all written to me

before they could form a single letter. A little bit of paper, with some ink-marks on it, folded up by themselves, and a wafer stuck in it, used to be sent to me, and it was *sure* to bring the writer a very, very kind answer. Thus have they gone on. So far from being a trouble to me, they have been *all pleasure* and *advantage*. For many years they have been so many *secretaries*. I have dictated scores of Registers to them, which have gone to the press without my ever looking at them. I dictated Registers to my eldest daughter when she was *thirteen*, and to my son William at *twelve*. They have, as to *trustworthiness*, been grown persons, at eleven or twelve. I could leave my house and affairs, the paying of men, or the going from home on business, to them at an age when boys, in England, in general, want servants to watch them, to see that they do not kill chickens, or torment kittens, or set the buildings on fire.

379. Here is a good deal of *boasting*; but, it will not be denied, that I have *done a great deal* in a short public life; and I see no harm in telling my readers of any of the means, that I have employed; especially as I know of few greater misfortunes than that of breeding up things to be *school-boys all their lives*. It is not, that I have so many wonders of the world: it is that I have pursued a rational plan of education, and one that any man may pursue, if he will, with similar effects. I remembered, too, that I myself had had a sportsman-education. I ran after the hare-hounds at the age of *nine or ten*. I have many and many a day left the rooks to dig up the wheat and peas, while I followed the hounds; and have returned home at dark-night, with my legs full of thorns and my belly empty to go supperless to bed, and to congratulate myself if I escaped a flogging. I was *sure* of these consequences; but, that had not the smallest effect in restraining me. All the lectures, all the threats, vanished from my mind in a moment upon hearing

the first cry of the hounds, at which my heart used to be ready to bound out of my body. I remembered all this. I traced to this taste my contempt for card-playing and for all childish and effeminate amusements. And, therefore, I resolved to leave the same course freely open to my sons. This is my plan of education : others may follow what plan they please.

380. This chapter will be a head without a body ; for, it will not require much time to give an account of the rural sports in America. The general taste of the country is to kill the things in order to have them to eat, which latter forms no part of the *real sportsman's* object.

381. There cannot be said to be any thing here, which we, in England, call *hunting*. The deer are hunted by dogs, indeed, but the hunters do not follow. They are *posted* at their several stations to shoot the deer as he passes. This is only one remove from the *Indian hunting*. I never saw, that I know of, any man that had seen a *pack of hounds* in America, except those kept by old JOHN BROWN in Buck's county, Pennsylvania, who was the only *hunting Quaker* that I ever heard of, and who was grandfather of the famous General Brown. In short, there is none of what we call hunting ; or, so little, that no man can expect to meet with it.

382. No *Coursing*. I never saw a grey-hound here. Indeed, there are no *hares* that have the same manners that ours have, or any thing like their fleetness. The woods, too, or some sort of cover, except in the singular instance of the *Plains* in this Island, are too near at hand.

383. But, of *shooting* the variety is endless. Pheasants, Partridges, Wood-cocks, Snipes, Grouse, Wild-ducks of many sorts, Teal, Plover, Rabbits.

384. There is a disagreement between the North and the South as to the *naming* of the two former. North of New-Jersey the Pheasants are called Par-

tridges, and the Partridges are called Quails. To the South of New-Jersey, they are called by what I think are their proper names, taking the English names of those birds to be proper. For, Pheasants do not remain in *coveys*; but, mix, like fowls. The intercourse between the males and females is promiscuous, and not by *pairs*, as in the case of Partridges. And these are the manners of the American Pheasants, which are found by ones, twos, and so on, and never in *families*, except when young, when, like chickens, they keep with the old hen. The American Partridges are not *Quails*; because Quails are *gregarious*. They keep in *flocks*, like rooks, (called *crows* in America,) or like *larks*, or *starlings*; of which the reader will remember a remarkable instance in the history of the migration of those grumbling vagabonds, the Jews, soon after their march from HOREB, when the Quails came and settled upon each others' backs to a height of two cubits, and covered a superficial space of two days' journey in diameter. It is a well known fact, that Quails *stock*: it is also well known, that Partridges do not, but that they keep in *distinct families*, which we call *coveys*, from the French *couvée*, which means the eggs or brood which a hen *covers* at one time. The American Partridges live in *coveys*. The cock and hen *pair* in the spring. They have their brood by *sitting alternately* on the eggs, just as the English Partridges do; the young ones, if none are killed, or die, remain with the old ones till spring; the *covey* always live within a small distance of the same spot; if frightened into a state of separation, they *call* to each other and re-assemble; they roost all together in a round ring, as close as they can sit, the tails inward and the heads outward; and are, in short, in all their *manners*, precisely the same as the English Partridge, with this exception, that they will sometimes alight on a rail or bough, and that

when the hen sits, the cock, perched at a little distance, makes a sort of periodical whistle, in a monotonous, but very soft and sweet tone.

385. The size of the Pheasant is about the half of that of the English. The plumage is by no means so beautiful ; but, the flesh is far more delicate. The size of the Partridge bears about the same proportion. But its plumage is more beautiful than that of the English, and its flesh is more delicate. Both are delightful, though rather difficult shooting. The Pheasant does not tower, but darts through the trees ; and the Partridge does not rise boldly, but darts away at no great height from the ground. Some years they are more abundant than other years. This is an abundant year. There are, perhaps, fifty coveys within half a mile of my house.

386. The *Wood-cocks* are, in all respects like those in England, except that they are only about three fifths of the size. They breed here ; and are in such numbers, that some men kill twenty brace, or more, in a day. Their haunts are in marshy places, or woods. The shooting of them lasts from the fourth of July till the hardish frosts come. The last we killed this year was killed on the 21st of November. So that here are five months of this sport ; and Pheasants and Partridges are shot from September to April.

387. The *Snipes* are called *English Snipes*, which they resemble in all respects, and are found in great abundance in the usual haunts of Snipes.

388. The *Grouse* is precisely like the Scotch Grouse. There is only here and there a place where they are found. But, they are, in those places, killed in great quantities, in the fall of the year.

389. As to *Wild-ducks* and other water-fowl, which are come at by lying in wait, and killed most frequently swimming, or sitting, they are slaughtered in whole flocks. An American counts the cost

of powder and shot. If he is *deliberate* in every thing else, this habit will hardly forsake him in the act of *shooting*. When the sentimental flesh eaters hear the report of his gun, they may begin to pull out their white handkerchiefs ; for death follows his pull of the trigger with, perhaps, more certainty than it used to follow the lancet of Doctor RUSH.

390. The PLOVER is a fine bird, and is found in great flocks upon the plains, and in the cultivated fields, of this Island, and at a mile from my house. Plovers are very *shy* and *wary* ; but they have ingenious enemies to deal with. A wagon, or carriage of some sort, is made use of to approach them ; and then they are easily killed.

391. *Rabbits* are very abundant in some places. They are killed by shooting, for all here is done with the *gun*. No reliance is placed upon a dog.

392. As to *game-laws* there are none, except as to the seasons of killing game. People go where they like, and, as to wild animals, shoot what they like. There is the Common Law, which forbids *trespass*, and the Statute Law, I believe, of "*malignious trespass*," or *trespass after warning*. And these are more than enough ; for nobody, that I ever heard of, *warns people off*. So that, as far as *shooting* goes, and that is the sport which is the most general favourite, there never was a more delightful country than this Island. The sky is so fair, the soil so dry, the cover so convenient, the game so abundant, and the people, go where you will, so civil, so hospitable and kind. It is very right to take care, by *law*, that wild animals which are useful, shall not be killed but during a *certain season*, otherwise the breed would be, in a short time, wholly destroyed. MOSES forbade those ravenous fellows, the Jews, to kill the *hen while she was sitting* ; and LENT owes its origin to a similar motive. It is that season of the year when almost

all animals *breed*; and *forty days of respite* just then were of great consequence, in countries where food was liable to fall short occasionally. The institution was *purely political* as well as the *fish-eating*; though Priests have made them *religious*.

CHAP. XIII.

PAUPERS.

393. It is a subject of great exultation in the hireling newspapers of the Borough-villains, that "*poverty* and *poor-rates* have *found their way to America*." As to the former it is literally true; for the *poverty* that is here, has, almost the whole of it, *come from Europe*; but, the means of *keeping the poor* arise here upon the spot.

394. Great sums of money are raised in New-York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other great seaports, for the maintenance of "*the poor*"; and, the Boroughmongers eagerly catch at the published *accounts* of this concern, and produce them as *proofs*, that misery is as great in America as it is under their iron rod. I will strip them of their pretext in a few minutes.

395. Let us take New-York, for instance. It is notorious that, whatever may be the number of persons relieved by poor-rates, the greater part of them are *Europeans*, who have come hither, at different periods and under circumstances of distress, different, of course, in degree. There is, besides, a class of persons here of a description very peculiar; namely; the *free negroes*. Whatever may have been the motives, which led to their emancipation, it is very certain, that it has saddled the white people with a heavy charge. These negroes are a disorderly, improvident set of beings; and, the paupers, *in the country* consist almost wholly of them. Take out the *foreigners* and the *negroes*, and you will find, that the paupers of New-York do not amount to a hundredth part of those of Liverpool, Bristol, Birmingham or London, population for population. New-York is a sea-port, and the

only great sea-port of a large district of country. All the disorderly crowd to it. It teems with emigrants ; but, even there, a pauper, who is a white, native American, is a great rarity.

396. But, do the borough-villains think, that the word *pauper* has the same meaning here that it has under their scorpion rod ? A pauper under them means a man that is *able and willing to work*, and who *does work like a horse*, and who is *so taxed*, has so much of his earnings taken from him by them to pay the interest of *their* debt and the pensions of *themselves* and their wives, children and dependants, that he is actually starving and fainting at his work. This is what is meant by *a pauper in England*. But, at New-York, a pauper is, generally, a man who is unable, or, which is more frequently the case, unwilling to work, who has become debilitated from a vicious life ; or, who, like borough-mongers and priests, finds it more pleasant to live upon the labour of others than upon his own labour. A pauper in England is fed upon bones and garbage, and "*substitutes for bread.*" A pauper here expects, and has, as much flesh, fish and bread and cake as he can devour. How gladly would many a little tradesman, or even little farmer, in England, exchange his diet for that of a New-York pauper !

397. Where there are *such paupers* as those in England, there are *beggars* ; because, when they find, that they are *nearly starved* in the former character, they will try the latter in spite of all the *vagrant acts* that any hell-born funding system can engender. And, who ever saw a beggar in America ? "*I have !*" exclaims some spy of the borough-mongers, who hopes to become a borough-monger himself. And so have I too. I have seen *a couple* since I have been on this Island ; and of them I will speak presently. But, there are *different sorts* of beggars too as well as of paupers.

In England a beggar is a poor creature, with hardly rags (mere rags) sufficient to cover its nakedness so far even as common decency requires. A wretched mortal, the bare sight of whom would freeze the soul of an American within him. A dejected, broken down thing, that approaches you bare-headed, on one knee, with a trembling voice, with "pray 'bestow your charity, for the Lord Jesus Christ's 'sake have compassion on a poor soul ;'" and, if you toss a *half-penny* into his ragged hat, he exclaims in an extacy, "God Almighty bless your honour!" though you, perhaps, be but a shoe-black yourself. An American beggar, dressed very much like other people, walks up to you as boldly as if his pockets were crammed with money, and with a half smile, that seems to say, he doubts of the propriety of his conduct, very civilly asks you, *if you can HELP him to a quarter of a dollar*. He mostly states the precise sum ; and never sinks below silver. In short, there is *no begging*, properly so called. There is nothing that resembles English begging even in the most distant degree.

398. I have now been here *twenty months*, and I have been visited by only *two beggars*. The first was an *Englishman*, and what was more to me, a *Surreyman* too ; a native of Croydon. He asked me if I could *help him to a quarter of a dollar* ; for, it is surprising how apt scholars they are. "Yes," said I, "if you will *help my men to do some work first*." He said he could not do that, for he was *in a hurry*. I told him, that, if a man, "with a dollar a day and pork for the tenth part of a dollar a pound could not earn his living, he ought to be hanged ;" "however," said I, "as you are "the first Surreyman I ever saw in America besides myself, if you be not hanged before this day "week, and come here again, I will *help you to a quarter of a dollar*." He came, and I kept my word. The second beggar was an *Italian*. This

was a personage of "high consideration." He was introduced to the side of my writing table. He behaved with a sort of dignified politeness, mixed with somewhat of reserve, as if he thought the person to whom he was addressing himself a very good sort of man, but of rank inferior to himself. We could not understand each other at first; but, we got into French, and then we could talk. He having laid down his hat, and being seated, pulled out a large parcel of papers, amongst which was a certificate from the Secretary of State of His Majesty the King of Sardinia, duly signed and counter-signed, and sealed with a seal having the armorial bearings of that sovereign. Along with this respectable paper was an English translation of it, done at New-York, and authenticated by the Mayor and a Notary Public, with all due formality. All the time these papers were opening, I was wondering what this gentleman could be. I read, and stared, and stared again. I was struck not less by the novelty than the audacity of the thing. "So, then," said I, breaking silence, "your sovereign, after taxing you to your ruin, has been graciously pleased to give you credentials to show, that he authorizes you to beg in America; and, not only for yourself but for others; so that you are an accredited ambassador from the beggars in Sardinia!" He found he was got into wrong hands; and endeavoured to put an end to the negociation at once, by observing, that I was not forced to give, and that my simple negative was enough. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said I, "you have submitted your case to me; you have made an appeal to me; your statement contains reasons for my giving; and that gives me a right to show, if I can, why I ought not to give." He, then, in order to prevent all reasoning, opened his Subscription, or Begging, Book, and said: "You see, Sir, others give!" "Now," said I, "you reason, but

" your reasoning is defective ; for, if you were to show me, that you had robbed all my neighbours without their resenting it, would it follow that I must let you rob me too ?" " Ah ! par bleu," said he, snatching up his credentials, " je vois que vous êtes un avare." " Ah ! by old Nick. I see you are a miser. And off he went ; not, however, before I had had time to tell him to be sure to give my best respects to the King of Sardinia, and to tell His Majesty to keep his beggars at home.

399. I afterwards found, that cases like this are by no means rare : and that, in Pennsylvania, in particular, they have accredited beggars from all parts of the Continent of Europe. This may be no unuseful hint for the English Boroughmongers, who have an undoubted claim to precedence before the German and Italian beggars. The Boroughmongers may easily add a legation of mendicity to their Consulships without any great disgrace to the latter ; and, since they can get nothing out of America by bullying and attacking, try what can be gained by canting and begging. The chances are, however, that many of them will, before they die, be beggars in their own proper persons and for their own use and behoof ; and thus give a complete rounding to their career : plunderers in prosperity, and beggars in adversity.

400. As to the poor-rates, the real poor-rates, you must look to the country. In England the poor-rates equal in amount the rent of the land ! Here, I pay, in poor-rates, only seven dollars upon a rent of six hundred ! And, I pay very full share. In short, how is it possible, that there should be paupers to any amount, where the common average wages of a labourer are six dollars a week ; that is to say, twenty-seven shillings sterling, and where the necessaries of life are, upon an average, of half the price that they are in England ? How can a man be

a pauper, where he can earn ten pounds of prime hog-meat a day, six days in every week ?

401. But, some go back after they come from England ; and the Consul at New-York has thousands of applications from men who *want to go to Canada* ; and little bands of them go off to that *fine country* very often. These are said to be *disappointed people*. Yes, they expected the people at New-York to come out in boats, I suppose, carry them on shore, and give up their dinners and beds to them ! If they will work, they will soon find beds and dinners ; if they will not, they ought to have none. What, did they expect to find here the same faces and the same posts and trees that they left behind them ? Such foolish people are not worth notice. The *lazy, whether male or female, all hate a government, under which every one enjoys his earnings, and no more.* Low, poor and miserable as they may be, their *principle* is precisely the same as that of boroughmongers and priests : namely, to live without labour on the earnings of others. The desire to live thus is almost universal ; but with sluggards, thieves, boroughmongers and priests it is a principle of action. Ask a priest *why* he is a priest. He will say, (for he has vowed it on the altar !) that he believes himself called by the Holy Ghost to take on him the care of souls. But, put the thing close to him ; push him hard ; and you will find it was the *benefice, the money and the tithes,* that called him. Ask him what he wanted them for. That he might *live, and live, too, without work.* Oh ! this work ! It is an old saying, that, if the Devil find a fellow idle, he is sure to set him to work ; a saying the truth of which the priests seem to have done their utmost to establish.

402. Of the *goers-back* there was a Mr. ONSLOW WAKEFORD, who was a coachmaker, some years, in Philadelphia, and who, having, from nothing hardly to begin with, made a comfortable fortune, went

back about the time that I returned home. I met him, by accident, at Goodwood, in Sussex, in 1814. We talked about America. Said he, "I have often thought of the foolish way in which my good friend, NORTH, and I used to talk about the happy state of England. The money that I have paid in taxes here, would have kept me like a gentleman there. Why," added he, "if a labouring man here were seen having in his possession, the fowls and other things that labourers in Philadelphia carry home from market, he would be stopped in the street, and taken upon suspicion of being a thief; upon the supposition of its being impossible that he could have come honestly by them." I told this story after I got home; and we read, in the newspapers, not long afterwards, that a Scotch porter, in London, who had had a little tub of butter sent him up from his relations, and who was, in the evening, carrying it from the vessel to his house, had actually been seized by the Police, lodged in prison all night, brought before the magistrate the next day, and not released until he had produced witnesses to prove that he had not stolen a thing, which was thought far too valuable for such a man to come at by honest means! What a state of things must that be? What! A man in England taken up as a thief and crammed into prison, merely because he was in possession of twenty pounds of butter!

403. Mr. WAKEFORD is, I dare say, alive. He is a very worthy man. He lives at CHICHESTER. I appeal to him for the truth of the anecdote relating to him. As to the *butter story*, I cannot name the precise date; but, I seriously declare the fact to have been as I have related it. I told Mr. WAKEFORD, who is a very quiet man, that, in order to make his lot as good in England as it was in America, he must help us to destroy the boroughmongers. He left America, he told me, principally in conse-

quence of the loss of his daughter (an only child) at Philadelphia, where she, amongst hundreds and hundreds of others, fell before the desolating *lan-*
cets of 1797, 1798; and 1799.

CHAP. XIV.

GOVERNMENT, LAWS, AND RELIGION.

404. Mr. PROFESSOR CHRISTIAN, who has written great piles of *Notes* on Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and whose Notes differ from those of the Note-writers on the Bible, in this, that the latter only tend to add darkness to that which was sufficiently dark before, while the Professor's Notes, in every instance, without a single exception, labour most arduously, and not always without success, to render that obscure, which was before clear as the sun now is in Long-Island, on this most beautiful fifth of December, 1818 : this Professor, who, I believe, is now a *Judge*, has, in his Note 126 on Book I, drawn what he calls "a distinction" between *Political* and *Civil Liberty*, which distinction contains, as to ideas, manner, and expressions, a complete specimen of what, in such a case, a writer ought to avoid.

405. Leaving definitions of this sort to such conceited bunglers as the Professor, I will just give a sketch (for it can be nothing more) of the *Government* and *Laws* of this country.

406. The country is divided into *States*. Each of these States has its own government, consisting of a *Governor*, *Legislative Body* and *Judiciary Department*. But, then there is a *General Government*, which is, in fact, the government of the whole nation ; for, it alone can do any thing with regard to other nations. This General Government consists of a *President*, a *Senate*, a *House of Representatives*, all which together are called the *Congress*. The President is elected for four years, the Senate for four years, and the House of Representatives for two years.

407. In most of the State governments the election is *annual* for the *House of Representatives*. In some the Governors and the Senate are elected for a longer period, not exceeding *four years* in any case. But, in some, the whole, Governor, Senate, and Representatives, are elected **ANNUALLY**; and this last appears now to be the *prevailing taste*.

408. The *suffrage*, or *qualification of electors*, is very various. In some states every free man; that is, every man who is *not bound man or slave*, has a vote. In others, the payment of the tax is required. In others, a man must be *worth a hundred pounds*. In Virginia a man must be a *freeholder*.

409. This may serve to show how little Mr. JERRY BENTHAM, the new Mentor of the Westminster Telemachus, knows about the political part of the American governments. Jerry, whose great, and, indeed, *only* argument, in support of *annual parliaments* and *universal suffrage*, is, that *America* is so *happy under such a system*, has, if we were to *own him*, furnished our enemies with a complete answer; for, they have, in order to silence him, only to refer to the *facts* of his argument of happy experience. By silencing him, however, I do not mean, the stopping of his tongue, or pen; for nothing but mortality will ever do that. This everlasting babbler has aimed a sort of stiletto stroke at me; for what God knows, except it be to act a consistent part, by endeavouring to murder the man whom he has so frequently robbed, and whose facts and thoughts, though disguised and disgraced by the robber's quaint phraseology, constitute the better part of his book. Jerry, who was made a reformer by PITT's *refusal to give him a contract to build a penitentiary and to make him prime administrator of penance*, that is to say, Beggar-Whipper General, is a very proper person to be toasted by those, who have plotted and conspired against Major Cart-

wright. Mr. Brougham *praises* Jerry : that is enough !

410. In the *four New-England States*, the qualification was *a hundred pounds*. But, one of those States, CONNECTICUT, has, to her great honour, recently set an example worthy of the imitation of the other three. A new Constitution has, during this year, been formed in that State, according to which all elections are to be *annual*; and, as to the *suffrage*, I will give it in the words of the instrument itself: “ Every male white citizen of the “ United States, who shall have gained a settlement “ in this State, attained the age of twenty-one “ years, and resided in the town” [that is *parish* in the English meaning] “ in which he may offer him-“ self to be admitted to the privilege of being an “ elector, at least six months preceding, and have a “ freehold estate of the yearly value of seven dollars “ in this State ;—OR, having been *enrolled in the mi-*“ *litia*, shall have performed military duty therein “ for the term of one year, next preceding the time “ he shall offer himself for admission, or, being “ liable thereto, shall have been, by authority of “ law, excused therefrom ;—OR, shall have paid “ a *State Tax* within the year next preceding the “ time he shall present himself for admission, and “ shall sustain a good moral character, shall, on his “ taking the oath prescribed, *be an elector.*”

411. And then, the proof of bad moral character, is, “ a conviction of *bribery, forgery, perjury,* “ *duelling, fraudulent bankruptcy, theft, or other of-*“ *fences*, for which an infamous punishment is in-“ *flicted.*” By *forgery* is not, of course, contemplated *puff-out forgery* ; for that, as an act of *re-sistance of oppression*, is fully justifiable : it is not only not an immoral, but it is a *meritorious* act. The *forgery* here meant is forgery committed against honest men, who, when they “ *promise to pay,*” mean to pay, and do pay when called upon.

"*Bribery*" is very properly set at the head of the disqualifications ; but, what a nest of villains it would exclude in England ! *White* men are mentioned, but, another clause, admits all the Blacks now free, though it shuts out future *comers* of that colour, or of the yellow hue ; which is perfectly just ; for, Connecticut is not to be the receptacle of those, whom other states may choose to release from slavery, seeing that she has now no slaves of her own.

412. Thus, then, this new Constitution ; a constitution formed by the *steepest* community in the world ; a constitution dictated by the most ample experience, gives to the people, as to the three branches of the government (the Governor, Senate, and *Representatives*) precisely what we reformers in England ask as to only one branch out of the three. Whoever has a *freehold* worth a guinea and a half a year, though he pay no tax and though he be not enrolled in the militia, has a vote. Whoever *pays a tax*, though he be not enrolled in the militia, though he have no *freehold* and pay a tax, has a vote. So that nothing but beggars, paupers, and criminals can easily be excluded ; and, you will observe, if you please, Messieurs *Boroughmongers*, that the State taxes are *all direct* and so contemptible in amount as not to be, all taken together, enough to satisfy the maw of a *single sinecure placeman* in England, and that the electors choose, and annually too, *King*, *Lords* and *Commons*. Now, mind, this change has been deliberately made by the most deliberate people that ever lived on the earth. New-England is called, and truly, "the Land of *Steady Habits*;" but, a Connecticut man is said to be a "*full-blooded Yankee*," and *Yankee* means *New-Englander*. So that, here are the *steepest* of the *steady* adopting, after all their usual deliberation and precaution, in a time

of profound tranquillity and without any party spirit or delusion, the plan of us "*wild and mad*" Reformers of Old England. Please God, I will, before I go home, perform a pilgrimage into this State !

413. In *Virginia* and the States where negro slavery exists, the slaves are reckoned amongst the population in apportioning the seats in the General Congress. So that the slaves do not vote : but, their owners have votes for them. This is what Davis Giddy, Wilberforce, and the spawn of the Green Room call *virtual representation*. And this, to be sure, is what SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, in his speech at the Reading Dinner, meant by *universal INTERESTS* ! From *universal suffrage*, he came down to *general suffrage* : this was only *nonsense* ; but, *universal INTERESTS* is downright boroughmongering. Well may he *despair* of doing any good in the House of Commons ! "Universal interests" is the *Virginia* plan ; and, *in that state of things*, by no means unwise or unjust ; for, it is easier to *talk* about freeing black slaves than it is to *do* it. The *planters* in the Southern States are not to blame for having slaves, until some man will show how they are to get rid of them. No one has yet discovered the means. *Virtual representation*, or, in other words, *Universal interests*, is as good a thing as any one can desire for those States ; and, if SIR FRANCIS will but boldly declare, that the people of England *must necessarily remain slaves*, his joining of Davis Giddy and Canning will be very consistent. Let him black the skins of the people of England, and honestly call a part of them his property, and then he will not add the meanest to the most dastardly apostacy.

414. The right of suffrage in America is, however, upon the whole, sufficient to guard the people against any general and long-existing abuse of power ; for, let it be borne in mind, that *here* the peo-

ple elect all the persons, who are to exercise power ; while, even if our Reform were obtained, there would still be two branches out of the three, over whom the people would have no direct control. Besides, in England, Ireland and Scotland there is an *established Church* ; a richly endowed and powerful hierarchy : and this, which is really a fourth branch of the government, has nothing to resemble it in America. So that, in this country, the whole of the Government may be truly said to be in the hands of the people. The people are, in reality as well as in name, *represented*.

415. The consequences of this are, 1st, that, if those who are chosen do not behave well, they are *not chosen a second time* ; 2nd, that there are no *sine-cure place men* and *place women*, *grantees*, *pensioners without services*, and big place men who swallow the earnings of two or three thousand men each ; 3rd, that there is no military staff to devour more than the whole of a government ought to cost ; 4th, that there are no proud and insolent grasping borough-mongers who make the people toil and sweat to keep them and their families in luxury ; 5th, that seats in the Congress are not, like stalls in Smithfield, bought and sold, or hired out ; 6th, that the Members of Congress do not sell their votes at so much a vote ; 7th, that there is no waste of the public money, and no expenses occasioned by the bribing of Electors, or by the hiring of spies and informers ; 8th, that there are no shootings of the people and no legal murders committed in order to defend the government against the just vengeance of an oppressed and insulted nation. But, all in harmony, peace and prosperity. Every man is zealous in defence of the laws, because every man knows that he is governed by laws, to which he has really and truly given assent.

416. As to the nature of the Laws, the *Common Law of England* is the *Common Law of America*.

These States were formerly *Colonies of England*. Our boroughmongers wished to tax them without their own consent. But, the Colonies, standing upon the ancient Laws of England, which say that *no man shall be taxed without his own consent*, resisted the boroughmongers of that day ; overcame them in war ; cast off all dependence, and became free and independent States. But, the great men, who conducted that revolution, as well as the people in general, were too wise to cast off the excellent laws of their forefathers. They, therefore, declared, that the *Common Law of England*, should remain, being subject to such modifications as might be necessary in the new circumstances in which the people were placed. The *Common Law* means, *the ancient and ordinary usages and customs of the land* with regard to the means of protecting property and persons and of punishing crimes. This law is no written or printed thing. It is more ancient than books. It had its origin in the hearts of our forefathers, and it has lived in the hearts of their sons from generation to generation. Hence it is emphatically called, *the Law of the Land*. Juries, Judges, Courts of Justice, Sheriffs, Constables, Head-boroughs, Heywards, Justices of the Peace, and all their numerous and useful powers and authorities make part of this *law of the land*. The boroughmongers would fain persuade us, that it is *they who have given us this law, out of pure generosity*. But, we should bear in mind, that this law is more ancient, and far more ancient, than the titles of even the most ancient of their families. And, accordingly, when the present Royal Family were placed upon the throne, there was a solemn declaration of the Parliament in these words : “ The ‘ Laws of England’ are the *birthright* of the people ‘ of England.’ ” The boroughmongers, by giving new powers to the Justices of the Peace and Judges, setting aside the trial by Jury in many cases both

of property and person, even before the present horrible acts ; and by a thousand other means, have, by *Acts of Parliament*, greatly despoiled us of the *law of the land* ; but, never have they given us any one good in addition to it.

417. The Americans have taken special care to prevent the like encroachments on their rights : so that, while they have Courts of Justice, Juries, Judges, Sheriffs, and the rest, as we have ; while they have all the *good* part of the laws now in force in England, they have none of the *bad*. They have none of that *Statute Law* of England, or *Act of Parliament Law*, which has robbed us of a great part, and the *best* part, of our "Birthright."

418. It is, as I said before, not my intention to go much into particulars here ; but, I cannot refrain from noticing, that the people of America, when they came to settle their new governments, took special care to draw up specific *Constitutions*, in which they forbade any of their future law-makers to allow of any *Titles of Nobility*, any *Privileged Class*, any *Established Church*, or, to pass any law to give to any body the power of imprisoning men otherwise than in due course of *Common Law*, except in cases of actual invasion, or open rebellion. And, though actual invasion took place several times during the late war ; though the capital city was in possession of our troops, no such law was passed. Such is the effect of that confidence, which a good and just government has in the people whom it governs !

419. There is one more particular, as to the Laws of America, on which, as it is of very great importance, I think it right to remark. The uses, which have been made of the *Law of Libel* in England are well known. In the first place, the *Common Law* knows of no such offence as that of *Criminal libel*, for which so many men have been so cruelly punished in England. The crime is an in-

vention of late date. The Common Law punished men for *breaches of the peace*, but no *words*, whether written or spoken, can be a breach of the peace. But, then some Boroughmonger Judges said, that words might *tend to produce* a breach of the peace ; and that, therefore, it was *criminal* to use such words. This, though a palpable stretch of law, did, however, by usage, become law so far as to be acted upon in America as well as England : and, when I lived in the state of PENNSYLVANIA, eighteen years ago, the Chief Justice of that State, finding even this law not sufficiently large, gave it another stretch to make it fit me. Whether the Legislature of that State will repair this act of injustice and tyranny remains yet to be seen. The state of NEW-YORK, in which I now live, awakened probably by the act of tyranny, to which I allude, has taken care, by an Act of the State, passed in 1815, to put an end to these attacks on the press by charges of *constructive libel*, or, at least, to make the law such, that no man shall suffer from the preferring of any such charges unjustly.

420. The principal effect of this twisting of the law was, that, whether the words published were *true* or *false* the *crime* of publishing was *the same*; because, whether true or false, they *tended to a breach of the peace* ! Nay, there was a Boroughmonger Judge in England, who had laid it down as *law*, that the *truer* the words were, the *more criminal* was the libel ; because, said he, a breach of the peace was more likely to be produced by telling *truth* of a *villain*, than by telling *falsehood* of a *virtuous man*. In point of fact this was true enough, to be sure, but what an infamous doctrine ! what a base, what an unjust mind must this man have had !

421. The State of New-York, ashamed that there should any longer be room for such miserable quibbling ; ashamed to leave the liberty of the

press exposed to the changes and chances of a doctrine so hostile to common sense as well as to every principle of freedom, passed an *Act*, which makes the *truth* of any publication a *justification* of it, provided the publisher can show, that the publication was made with *good motives* and *justifiable ends*; and who can possibly publish *truth* without being able to show *good motives* and *justifiable ends*? To expose and censure tyranny, profligacy, fraud, hypocrisy, debauchery, drunkenness; indeed, all sorts of wickedness and folly; and to do this in the words of *truth*, must tend, *cannot fail to tend*, to check wickedness and folly, and to strengthen and promote virtue and wisdom; and these, and *these only*, are the uses of the press. I know it has been said, for I have heard it said, that this is going *too far*; that it would tend to lay open the *private affairs of families*. And what then? Wickedness and folly should meet their *due measure* of censure, or ridicule, be they found where they may. If the faults of private persons were too trifling to deserve public notice, the mention of them would give the parties no pain, and the publisher would be despised for his tittle-tattle; that is all? And if they were of a nature so grave as for the exposure of them to give the parties *pain*, the exposure would be *useful*, as a warning to others.

422. Amongst the persons, whom I have heard express a wish, to see the press what they call *free*, at the same time to extend the restraints on it, with regard to persons in their private life, *beyond the obligations of adherence to truth*, I have never, that I know of, met with one, who had not some *powerful motive of his own* for the wish, and who did not feel that he had some vulnerable part about himself. The common observation of these persons, is, that *public men are fair game*. Why *public only*? Is it because *their wickedness and folly affect the public*? And, how long has it been, I

should be glad to know, since bad example in private life has been thought of no consequence to the public? The press is called "the *guardian of the public morals* :" but, if it is to meddle with none of the vices or follies of individuals in private life, how is it to act as the guardian of the morals of the whole community? A press perfectly free reaches those vices, which the law cannot reach without putting too much power into the hands of the magistrate. Extinguish the press, and you must let the magistrate into every private house. The experience of the world suggests this remark ; for, look where you will, you will see virtue in all the walks of life hand in hand with freedom of discussion, and vice hand in hand with censorships and other laws to cramp the press. England, once so free, so virtuous and so happy, has seen misery and crimes increase and the criminal laws multiply in the exact proportion of the increase of the restraints on the press and of the increase of the severity in punishing what are called libels. And, if this had not taken place it would have been very wonderful. Men who have the handling of the public money, and who know that the parliament is such as to be silenced, will be very apt to squander that money ; this squandering causes heavy taxes : these produce misery amongst the greater number of people ; this misery produces crimes ; to check these new penal laws are passed. Thus it is in England, where new hanging places, new and enlarged jails, prisons on the water, new modes of transporting, a new species of peace-officers, a new species of justices of the peace, troops employed regularly in aid of the magistrate, and at last, spies and blood-money bands, all proclaim a real revolution in the nature of the government. If the press had continued free these sad effects of a waste of the public money never could have taken place ; for, the wasters of that money would have been so exposed as to be.

unable to live under the odium which the exposure would have occasioned ; and, if the parliament had not checked the waste and punished the wasters, the public indignation would have destroyed the parliament. But, with a muzzled press, the wasters proceeded with the consciousness of impunity. Say to an individual man, when he is twenty years of age ; " you shall do just what you please with all " the money of other people that you can by any " means, all your life long, get into your hands, and " no one shall ever be permitted to make you ac- " countable, or even to write or speak a word " against you for any act of fraud, oppression, or " waste." Should you expect such an individual to act honestly and wisely ? Yet, this, in fact, is what boroughmonger Parliament and the law of libel say to every set of Ministers.

423. Before I quit this subject of *Libel*, let me observe, however, that *no juryman*, even as the law now stands in *England*, is *in conscience* bound to find any man guilty on a charge of *criminal libel*, unless the *evidence prove* that the pretended libeller has been actuated by an *evil motive*, and unless it be also *proved by evidence*, that his words, spoken or written, were *scandalous and malicious*. Unless these things be *clearly proved by evidence*, the *juryman*, who finds a man *guilty*, is a base, *perjured villain*; and ought to be punished as such.

424. The state of Connecticut, in her new Constitution, before mentioned, has put this matter of *libel* on true footing ; namely, " In *all* prosecutions " and indictments for *libel* the *TRUTH may be* " *given in evidence*, and the *Jury* shall have the " right to determine *the law and the facts*." Thus, then, common sense has, at last, gotten the better ; and *TRUTH* can, in this state, at least, in no case, be a *legal crime*.

425. But, indeed, the press has *NOW no restraint* in America, other than that imposed by

TRUTH. Men publish what they please, so long as they do not publish *falsehoods*; and, even in such cases, they are generally punished by the public contempt. The press is, therefore, *taken all together*; what the magistrates always ought to be; “*a terror to evil doers, and a reward to those who do well.*” But, it is not the *name* of REPUBLIC that secures these, or any other of, the blessings of freedom. As gross acts of tyranny may be committed, and as base corruption practised, under *that name* as under the name of *absolute monarchy*. And, it becomes the people of America to guard their minds against ever being, in any case, *amused with names*. It is *the fair representation of the people* that is the cause of all the good; and, if this be obtained, I, for my part, will never quarrel with any body about *names*.

426. *Taxes and Priests*; for these always lay on heavily together. On the subject of taxes, I have, perhaps, spoken sufficiently clear before; but, it is a great subject. I will, on these subjects, address myself more immediately to *my old neighbours of Botley*, and endeavour to make them understand, what America is as to taxes and priests.

427. Worried, my old neighbours, as you are, by tax-gatherers of all descriptions, from the County Collector, who rides in his coach and four, down to the petty Window Peeper, the little miserable spy, who is constantly on the look-out for you, as if he were a thief-catcher and if you were thieves; devoured as you are by these vermin, big and little, you will with difficulty form an idea of the state of America in this respect. It is a state of such blessedness, when compared with the state of things in England, that I despair of being able to make you fully comprehend what it is.

428. Here a man may make new windows, or shut up old windows, as often as he pleases, without being compelled under a penalty to give notice to

some insolent tax-gathering spy. Here he may keep as many horses as he likes, he may ride them or drive them at his pleasure, he may sell them or keep them, he may lend them or breed from them ; he may, as far as their nature allows, do the same with regard to his dogs ; he may employ his servants in his house, in his stables, in his garden, or in his fields, just as he pleases ; he may, if he be foolish enough, have armorial bearings on his carriage, his watch-seals, on his plate, and, if he likes, on his very buckets and porridge pots ; he may write his receipts, big bills, his leases, his bonds, and deeds, upon unstamped paper ; his wife and daughters may wear French gloves and lace, and French and India silks ; he may purchase or sell lands and may sue at law for his rights : and all these, and a hundred other things, without any dread of the interloping and insolent interference of a tax-gatherer or spy of any description. Lastly, when he dies, he can bequeath his money and goods and horses and lands to whosoever he pleases ; and he can close his eyes without curses in his heart against a rapacious band of placemen, pensioners, grantees, sinecure holders, staff-officers, borough-jobbers, and blood-money spies, who stand ready to take from his friends, his relations, his widow, and his children, a large part of what he leaves, under the name of a tax upon legacies.

429. But, you will ask, "are there *no taxes* in "America?" Yes ; and taxes, or public contributions of some sort, there must be in every civilized state ; otherwise, government could not exist, and without government there could be no security for property or persons. The taxes in America consist principally of *Custom Duties imposed on goods imported into the country*. During the late war, there were taxes on several things in the country ; but, they were taken off at the peace. In the cities and large towns, where *paving* and *lamps* and *drains*

and *scavengers* are necessary, there are, of course, direct contributions to defray the expenses of these. There are also, of course, *county rates* and *road rates*. But, as the money thus raised is employed for the immediate benefit of those who pay, and is expended amongst themselves and under their own immediate inspection, it does not partake of the nature of *a tax*. The taxes, or duties, on goods imported yield a great sum of money; and, owing to the persons employed in the collection being appointed for their integrity and ability, and not on account of their connection with any set of bribing and corrupt boroughmongers, the whole of the money thus collected is fairly applied to the public use, and is amply sufficient for all the purpose of government. The *army*, if it can be so called, costs but a mere trifle. It consists of a few men, who are absolutely necessary to keep forts from crumbling down and guns from rotting with rust. The *navy* is an object of care, and its support and increase a cause of considerable expense. But the government, relying on the good sense and valour of a people, who must hate or disregard themselves before they can hate or disregard that which so manifestly promotes their own happiness, has no need to expend much on any species of warlike preparations. The government could not stand a week, if it were hated by the people; nor, indeed, ought it to stand one hour. It has the hearts of the people with it. And therefore, it need expend nothing in *blood-money*, or in *secret services* of any kind. Hence the cheapness of this government; hence the small amount of the *taxes*; hence the ease and happiness of the people.

430. Great as the distance between you and me is, my old neighbours, I very often think of you; and especially when I buy *salt*, which our neighbour Warner used to sell us for 19 shillings a bushel, and which I buy here for 2*s. 6d.* This salt is made,

you know, somewhere by Hambel. This very salt, when brought here from England, has all the charges of freight, insurance, wharfage, storage, to pay. It pays besides, one third of its value in duty to the American government before it be landed here. Then, you will observe, there is the *profit* of the American salt merchant; and then that of the shop-keeper who sells me the salt. And, after all this, I buy that very Hampshire salt for 2s. 6d. a bushel, English measure. What a government, then, must that of theboroughmongers be! The salt is a gift of God. It is thrown on the shore. And yet, these tyrants will not suffer us to use it, until we have paid *them* 15s. a bushel for liberty to use it. They will not suffer us to use the salt, which God has sent us, until we have given them 15s. a bushel for them to bestow on themselves, or their families and dependants, in the payment of the interest of the debt, which they have contracted, and in paying those, whom they hire to shoot at us. Yes; England is a fine country; it is a glorious country; it contains an ingenious, industrious, a brave and warm-hearted people; but, it is now disgraced and enslaved; it is trodden down by these tyrants; and we must free it. We cannot and we will not die their slaves.

431. Salt is only one of the many English articles that we buy cheaper here than in England. *Glass*, for instance, we buy for half the price that you buy it. The reason is, that you are compelled to pay a *heavy tax*, which is not paid by us for that same glass. It is the same as to almost every thing that comes from England. You are compelled to pay theboroughmongers a heavy tax on your *candles* and *soap*. You dare not *make* candles and soap, though you have the fat and the ashes in abundance. If you attempt to do this, you are taken up and imprisoned; and, if you resist, soldiers are brought to shoot you. This is *freedom*, is it? Now, we,

here, make our own candles and soap. Farmers sometimes *sell* soap and candles ; but they never *buy* any. A labouring man, or a mechanic, buys a sheep now and then. Three or four day's works will buy a labourer a sheep to weigh sixty pounds, with seven or eight pounds of loose fat. The meat keeps very well, in winter, for a long time. The wool makes stockings. And the loose fat is made into candles and soap. The year before I left Hampshire, a poor woman at Holly Hill had *dipped* some *rushes* in grease to use instead of candles. An exciseman found it out ; went and ransacked her house ; and told her, that, if the rushes had had *another dip*, they would have been *candles*, and she must have gone to jail ! Why, my friends, if such a thing were told here, nobody would believe it. The Americans could not bring their minds to believe, that Englishmen would submit to such atrocious, such degrading tyranny.

432. I have had living with me an *Englishman* of Wickham parish. He smokes tobacco ; and tells me, that he can buy as much tobacco here for *three cents* ; that is, about *three English half-pence*, as he could buy at Wickham for *three shillings*. The *leather* has *no tax* on it here ; so that, though the *shoe-maker* is paid a high price for his labour, the labouring man gets his shoes very cheap. In short, there is *no excise* here ; *no property tax* ; *no assessed taxes*. We have no such men here as Chiddel and Billy Tovery to come and take our money from us. No window peepers. No spies to keep a look-out as to our carriages and horses and dogs. Our dogs that came from Botley now run about free from the spying of tax-gatherers. We may wear hair-powder if we like without paying for it, and a boy in our houses may whet our knives without our paying two pounds a year for it.

433. But, then, we have not the honour of being covered over with the dust, kicked up by the

horses and raised by the carriage wheels of such men as OLD GEORGE Rose and OLD GARNIER, each of whom has pocketed more than *three hundred thousand pounds* of the public, that is to say, the people's money. There are no such men here. Those who receive public money here, do something for it. They *earn* it. They are no richer than other people. The Judges here are plain plain-dressed men. They go about with no sort of parade. They are dressed, on the Bench, like other men. The lawyers the same. Here are no black gowns and scarlet gowns and big foolish-looking wigs. Yet, in the whole world, there is not so well-behaved, so orderly, so steady a people; a people so *obedient to the law*. But, it is *the law only* that they will *bow* to. They will bow to nothing else. And, they bow with reverence to the law, because they know it to be just, and because it is made by men, whom they have all had a hand in choosing.

434. And, then, think of the *tithes*! I have talked to several farmers here about the tithes in England; and, they *laugh*. They sometimes almost make me angry; for they seem, at least, not to believe what I say, when I tell them, that the English farmer gives and is compelled to give, the Parson a tenth part of his whole crop, and of his fruit and milk and eggs and calves and lambs and pigs and wool and honey. They cannot believe this. They treat it as a sort of *romance*. I sometimes almost wish them to be farmers in England. I said to a neighbour the other day, in half anger: "I wish
 " your farm were at Botley. There is a fellow
 " there, who would soon let you know, that your
 " fine apple trees do not belong to you. He
 " would have his nose in your sheep-fold, your
 " calf-pens, your milk pail, your sow's bed, if not
 " in the sow herself. Your daughters would have
 " ne occasion to hunt out the hens' nests: he would

" do that for them." And then I gave him a proof of an English Parson's vigilance by telling him the story of Baker's peeping out *the name*, marked on the sack, which the old woman was wearing as a petticoat. To another of my neighbours, who is very proud of the circumstance of his grandfather being an *Englishman*, as, indeed, most of the Americans are, who are descended from Englishmen : to this neighbour I was telling the story about the poor woman at Holly Hill, who had nearly dipped her rushes once too often. He is a very grave and religious man. He looked very seriously at me, and said, that *falsehood* was falsehood, whether in jest or earnest. But, when I invited him to come to my house, and told him, that I would show him the acts which the boroughmen had made to put us in jail if we made our own soap and candles, he was quite astounded. " What ! " said he, and is *Old England* really come to this ! Is the land of our forefathers brought to this state of abject slavery ! " Well, Mr. Cobbett, I confess, that I was always " for King George, during our revolutionary war ; " but, I believe, all was for the best ; for, if I had " had my wishes, he might have treated us as he " now treats the people of England." " *He*," said I, " It is not *he* ; he, poor man, does nothing to the " people, and never has done any thing to the people. " He has no power more than you have. None of " his family have any. All put together, they have " not a thousandth part so much as I have ; for I " am able, though here, to annoy the tyrants, to " make them less easy than they would be : but, " these tyrants care no more for the Royal Family " than they do for so many posts or logs of wood." And then I explained to him who and what the boroughmongers were, and how they oppressed us and the king too. I told him how they disposed of the Church livings, and, in short, explained to him all their arts and all their cruelties. He was ex-

ceedingly shocked ; but was glad, at any rate to know the *truth*.

435. When I was, last winter, in the neighbourhood of Harrisburgh in Pennsylvania, I saw some *hop-planters*. They grow prodigious quantities of hops. They are obliged to put their hills so wide apart, that they can have only four hundred hills upon an acre ; and yet they grow three thousand pounds of hops upon an acre, with no *manure* and with once ploughing in the year. When I told them about the price of hops in England and about the difficulty of raising them, they were greatly surprised ; but, what was their astonishment, when I told them about the hop poles of CHALCROFT at Curbridge ! The hop is naturally a *weed* in England as well as in America. Two or three vines had come up out of Chalcroft's garden hedge, a few years ago. Chalcroft put *poles* to them ; and, there might be a pound or two of hops on these poles. Just before the time of gathering, one of the spies called *Excisemen* called on Chalcroft and asked him why he did not *enter* his hops. Chalcroft did not understand ; but, answered, he meant to *take them in* shortly, though he did not think they were yet quite ripe. "Ay," said the Exciseman, "but I mean, when you do mean to enter them at "the *Excise office*?" Chalcroft did not know (not living in a hop country,) that he had already incurred a *penalty* for not reporting to the tyrants that he had hops growing in his garden hedge ! He did not know, that he could not gather them and put them by without giving notice, under a *penalty of fifty pounds* ! He did not know, that he could not receive this little gift of God without paying money to theboroughmongers in the shape of tax ; and, to the Parson in the shape of tithe, or, give a tenth of the hops to the Parson, and not dare pick a single hop till he had sent *notice to the Parson* ! What he did, upon this occasion, I have forgotten ; but,

it is likely that he let the hops stand and rot, or cut them down and flung them away as weeds. Now, poor men in England are told to be *content* with rags and hungry bellies, for that it is *their lot*; that "it has pleased Divine Providence to place them in that state." But, here is a striking instance of the falsehood and blasphemy of this doctrine; for, Providence had sent Chalcroft the hops, and he had put poles to them. Providence had brought the hops to perfection; but then came the borough-mongers and the Parson to take from this poor man this boon of a benevolent Maker. What, did God order a tax with all its vexatious regulations, to be imposed upon what he had freely given to this poor man? Did God ordain, that, in addition to this tax, a *tenth* should be yielded to a Parson, who had solemnly vowed at his ordination, that he believed himself called, not by the love of tithes, but by "the *Holy Ghost*, to take on him the *cure of souls*," and to "*bring stray sheep into the fold of the Lord*." Did God ordain these things? Had it *pleased God* to do this? What impiety, what blasphemy, then, to ascribe to Providence the manifold sufferings occasioned by the boroughmonger's taxes and Parson's tithes!

436. But, my Botley neighbours, you will exclaim. "No *tithes*! Why, then, there can be no *Churches* and no *Parsons*! The people must know nothing of God or Devil; and must all go to hell!" By no means, my friends. Here are plenty of *Churches*; no less than three *Episcopal* (or *English*) *Churches*; three *Presbyterian* *Churches*: three *Lutheran* *Churches*; one or two *Quaker Meeting-Houses*; and two *Methodist Places*; all within *six miles* of the spot where I am sitting. And, these, mind, not poor shabby *Churches*; but each of them larger and better built and far handsomer than Botley *Church*, with the *Church-yards* all kept in the neatest order, with a

head-stone to every grave. As to the Quaker Meeting-House, it would take Botley Church into its belly, if you were first to knock off the steeple.

437. Oh, no ! Tithes are not necessary to promote *religion*. When our parsons, such as Baker, talk about *religion or the church*, being in danger ; they mean, that the *tithes* are in danger. They mean, that they are in danger of being compelled to work for their bread. This is what they mean. You remember, that, at our last meeting at Winchester, they proposed for us to tell the Prince Regent, that we would *support the church*. I moved, to leave out the word *church* and insert the word *tithes* ; for, as there were many presbyterians and other dissenters present, they could not, with clear consciences, pledge themselves to support *the church*. This made them *furious*. It was lifting up the *mask* ; and the parsons were enraged beyond measure.

438. Oh, no ! *Tithes* do not mean *religion*. Religion means *a reverence for God*. And, what has this to do with tithes ? Why cannot you reverence God, without Baker and his wife and children eating up a tenth part of the corn and milk and eggs and lambs and pigs and calves that are produced in Botley parish ? The parsons, in this country, are supported by those who choose to employ them. A man belongs to what congregation he pleases. He pays what is required by the rules of the congregation. And, if he think that it is not necessary for him to belong to any congregation, he pays nothing at all. And, the consequence is, that all is harmony and good neighbourhood. Here are not disputes about religion ; or, if there be, they make no noise. Here is no ill-will on this account. A man is never asked what religion he is of, or whether he be of any religion at all. It is a matter that nobody interferes in. What need, therefore, is

there of an *established* church ? What need is there of tithes ? And, why should not that species of property be taken for *public use* ? That is to say, as far as it has any thing to do with religion ? I know very well, that tithes do not operate as many people pretend ; I know those who complain most about them have the least right to complain ; but, for my present purpose, it is sufficient to show, that they have nothing to do with *religion*.

439. If, indeed, the Americans were wicked, disorderly, criminal people, and, of course, a miserable and foolish people : then we might doubt upon the subject : then we might possibly suppose, that their wickedness and misery arose, in some degree, at least, from the *want of tithes*. But, the contrary is the fact. They are the most orderly, sensible and least criminal people in the whole world. A common labouring man has the feelings of a man of honour ; he never thinks of violating the laws ; he crawls to nobody ; he will call every man *Sir*, but he will call no man *master*. When he utters words of respect towards any one, they do not proceed from fear or hope, but from civility and sincerity. A native American labourer is never *rude* towards his employer, but he is never *cringing*.

440. However, the best proof of the inutility of an established church is the absence of *crimes* in this country, compared to the state of England in that respect. There have not been three *felonies* tried in this county since I arrived in it. The Court-House is at two miles from me. An Irishman was tried for forgery in the summer of 1817, and the whole country was alive to go and witness the novelty. I have not heard of a man being hanged in the whole of the United States since my arrival. The boroughmongers, in answer to statements like these, say that this is a *thinly inhabited* country. This very county is *more thickly settled than Hampshire*. The adjoining county, towards

the city of New-York is much more thickly settled than Hampshire. New-York itself and its immediate environs contain nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, and, after London, is, perhaps, the first commercial and maritime city in the world. Thousands of sailors, ship carpenters, dock-yard people, dray-men, boat-men, crowd its wharfs and quays. Yet, never do we hear of hanging ; scarcely ever of a robbery ; men go to bed with scarcely locking their doors ; and never is there seen in these streets what is called in England, a *girl of the town* ; and, what is still more, never is there seen in these streets a *beggar*. I wish you, my old neighbours, could see this city of New-York. Portsmouth and Gosport, taken together, are miserable holes compared to it. Man's imagination can fancy nothing so beautiful as its bay and port, from which two immense rivers sweep up on the sides of the point of land, on which the city is. These rivers are continually covered with vessels of various sizes bringing the produce of the land, while the bay is scarcely less covered with ships going in and out from all parts of the world. The city itself is a scene of opulence and industry : riches without insolence, and labour without grudging.

441. What Englishman can contemplate this brilliant sight without feeling some little pride that this city bears an English name ? But, thoughts of more importance ought to fill his mind. He ought to contrast the ease, the happiness, the absence of crime which prevail here, with the incessant anxieties, the miseries and murderous works in England. In his search after causes he will find them nowhere but in the governments ; and, as to an established Church, if he find no sound argument to prove it to be an evil ; at the very least he must conclude, that it is *not a good* ; and, of course, that property to the amount of five millions a year is

very unjustly as well as unwisely bestowed on its clergy.

442. Nor, let it be said, that the people here are of a better natural disposition than the people of England are. How can it be ? They are, the far greater part of them, the immediate descendants of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen. Nay, in the city of New-York it is supposed, that a full half of the labour is performed by natives of Ireland, while men of that island make a great figure in trade, at the bar, and in all the various pursuits of life. They have their Romish Chapels there in great brilliancy ; and they enjoy "Catholic Emancipation" without any petitioning or any wrangling. In short, blindfold an Englishman and convey him to New-York, unbind his eyes, and he will think himself in an English city. The same sorts of streets ; shops precisely the same ; the same beautiful and modest women crowding in and out of them ; the same play houses ; the same men, same dress, same language : he will miss by day only the nobility and beggars, and by night only the street walkers and pick-pockets. These are to be found only where there is an *established* clergy upheld by what is called the *state*, and which word means, in England, *the boroughmongers*.

443. Away, then, my friends, with all cant about *the Church*, and the Church being *in danger*. If the Church, that is to say, the *tithes*, were completely abolished ; if they, and all the immense property of the Church, were taken and applied to public use there would not be a sermon or a prayer the less. Not only the Bible but the very Prayer-book is in use here as much as in England, and, I believe a great deal more. Why give the five millions a year then, to Parsons and their wives and children ? Since the English, Irish and Scotch, are so good, so religious and so moral *here* without glebes and tithes ; why not use these glebes and tithes for other purposes

since they are possessions which can legally be disposed of in another manner.

444. But, the fact is, that it is the circumstance of the Church being *established by law* that makes it *of little use* as to real religion, and as to morals, as far as they be connected with religion. Because, as we shall presently see, this establishment forces upon the people, Parsons, whom they cannot respect; and whom, indeed, they must *despise*; and, it is easy to conceive, that the moral precepts of those, whom we despise on account of their immorality, we shall never much attend to, even supposing the precepts themselves to be good. If a precept be self evidently good; if it be an obvious duty which the parson inculcates, the inculcation is useless to us; because, whenever it is wanted to guide us, it will occur without the suggestion of any one, and, if the precept be not self evidently good, we shall never receive it as such from the lips of a man, whose character and life tell us we ought to suspect the truth of every thing he utters. When the matters as to which we are receiving instructions are, in their nature, wholly dissimilar to those as to which we have witnessed the conduct of the teacher, we may reasonably, in listening to the precept, disregard that conduct. Because, for instance, a man, though a very indifferent Christian, may be a most able soldier, seaman, physician, lawyer, or almost any thing else; and, what is more, may be honest and zealous in the discharge of his duty in any of these several capacities. But, when the conduct, which we have observed in the teacher belongs to the same department of life as the precept which he is delivering, if the one differ from the other we cannot believe the teacher to be sincere unless he, while he enforces his precept upon us, acknowledge his own misconduct. Suppose me, for instance, to be a great liar, as great a liar, if possible, as STEWART of the COURIER, who

has said that I have been "fined 700 dollars for writing against the American government," though I never was prosecuted in America in all my life. Suppose me to be as great a liar as STEWART, and I were to be told by a Parson, whom I knew to be as great a liar as myself, that I should certainly go to hell if I did not leave off lying. Would his words have any effect upon me? No; because I should conclude, that if he thought what he said, he would not be such a liar himself. I should rely upon the Parson generally or I should not. If I did, I should think myself safe until I out-lied him; and, if I did not rely on him generally, of what use would he be to me?

445. Thus, then, if men be *sincere* about religion; if it be not all a mere matter of form, it must always be of the greatest consequence, that the example of the teacher correspond with his teaching. And the most likely way to insure this is to manage things so that he may, in the first place, be selected by the people, and, in the second place, have no rewards in view other than those which are to be given in consequence of his perseverance in a line of good conduct.

446. And thus it is with the clergy in America, who are duly and amply rewarded for their diligence, and very justly respected for the piety, talent, and zeal, which they discover; but, who have no tenure of their places other than that of the will of the congregation. Hence it rarely indeed happens, that there is seen amongst them an impious, and immoral, or a despicable man: whether the teaching of even these reverend persons have any very great *effect* in producing virtue and happiness amongst men is a question upon which men may, without deserving to be burnt alive, take the liberty to differ; especially since the world has constantly before its eyes a society, who excel in all the Christian virtues, who practise that simpli-

city which others teach, who, in the great work of charity, really and truly hide from the left hand that which the right hand doeth ; and who knows nothing of Bishop, Priest, Deacon, or Teacher of any description. Yes, since we have the Quakers constantly before our eyes, we may, without deserving to be burnt alive, question the utility of paying any Parsons or religious Teachers at all. But, the most of it is, we are apt to confound things, as we have, by a figure of speech, got to call a *building a church*, when a church really means a body of people ; so we are apt to look upon the *priest as being religious*, and especially when we call him *the reverend* ; and, it often sadly occurs that no two things can be wider from each other in this quality. Some writer has said, that he would willingly leave to the Clergy every thing above the tops of the chimneys, which perhaps was making their possessions rather too ethereal ; but, since our law calls them "*spiritual persons* ;" since they profess, that "*their kingdom is not of this world.*" And, since those of our church have solemnly declared that they believed themselves to be called to the ministry "*by the Holy Ghost* ;" it is, I think, a little out of character for them to come poking and grunting and grumbling about after our eggs, potatoes and sucking pigs.

447. However, upon the general question of the utility or non utility of paid religious teachers, let men decide for themselves ; but if teachers be to be paid, it seems a clear point, in my mind, that they should be paid upon the American plan : and this, I think, must be obvious to every one, who is able to take a view of the English Clergy. They are appointed by the absolute will of the Boroughmongers. They care nothing for the good will of their congregation or parish. It is as good to them to be hated by their parishioners as

to be loved by them. They very frequently never even see their parish more than once in four or five years. They solemnly declare at the altar, that they believe themselves called by the Holy Ghost to take on them the *cure of souls*; they get possession of a living; and leave the cure of souls to some *curate*, to whom they give a tenth part, perhaps, of the income. Many of them have *two livings* at thirty miles distance from each other. They live at neither very frequently; and, when they do they only add to the annoyance which their *curate* gives.

448. As to their general character and conduct; in what public transaction of pre-eminent scandal have they not taken a part? Who were found most intimate with Mrs. CLARKE and most busy in her commission dealing affairs? Clergymen of the Church of England. This is notorious. Miss TOCKER tells of the *two livings* given to PARSON GURNEY for his electioneering works in Cornwall. And, indeed, all over the country, they have been, and are, the prime agents of the boroughmongers. Recently they have been the tools of Sidmouth for gagging the press in the country parts of the kingdom. Powis and Guillim were the prosecutors of Messrs. Pilling and Melor; and for which, if they be not made to answer, the kingdom ought to be destroyed. They are the leading men at Pitt Clubs all over the country; they were the foremost to defend the publication of Melville. In short, there has been no public man guilty of an infamous act, of whom they have not taken the part; and no act of tyranny of which they have not been the eulogists and the principal instrument.

449. But, why do I attempt to describe *parsons to Hampshire men*? You saw them all assembled in grand cohort the last time that I saw any of you. You saw them at Winchester, when they brought forward their lying address to the Regent. You

saw them on that day, and so did I ; and in them I saw a band of more complete blackguards than I ever before saw in all my life. I then saw parson Baines of Exton, standing up in a chair and actually spitting in Lord Cochrane's poll while the latter was bending his neck out to speak. Lord Cochrane looked round and said, " By G— Sir, if you do that again I'll knock you down." " You be d—d," said Baines, " I'll spit where I like." Lord Cochrane struck at him ; Baines jumped down, put his two hands to his mouth in a huntsman-like way, and cried " whoop ! whoop !" till he was actually black in the face. One of them trampled upon my heel as I was speaking. I looked round, and begged him to leave off. " You be d—d," said he, " you be d—d jacobin." He then tried to press on me to stifle my voice, till I clapped my elbow into his ribs and made the " spiritual person" hiccup. There were about twenty of them mounted upon a large table in the room ; and there they jumped, stamped, hollowed, roared, thumped with canes and umbrellas, squalled, whistled, and made all sorts of noises. As Lord Cochrane and I were going back to London, he said that, so many years as he had been in the navy, he never had seen a band of such complete blackguards. And I said the same for the army. And, I declare, that, in the whole course of my life, I have never seen any men, drunk or sober, behave in so infamous a manner. Mr. PHILLIPS, of Eling, (now Doctor Phillips) whom I saw standing in the room, I tapped on the shoulder, and asked, whether he was not ashamed. Mr. LEE of the College ; Mr. OGLE of Bishop's Waltham, and DOCTOR HILL of Southampton : these were exceptions. Perhaps there might be some others ; but the *mass* was the most audacious, foul, and atrocious body of men I ever saw. We had done nothing to offend them. We had proposed nothing to offend them in the smallest de-

gree. But, they were afraid of our *speeches* : they knew they could not answer us : and they were resolved that, if possible, we should not be heard. There was one parson, who had his mouth within a foot of Lord Cochrane's ear, all the time his Lordship was speaking, and who kept on saying : "you lie ! you lie ! you lie ! you lie !" as loud as he could utter the words.

450. Baker, the Botley Parson, was extremely busy. He acted the part of buffoon to LOCKART. He kept capering about behind him, and really seemed like a merry andrew rather than a "*spiritual person*."

451. Such is the character of the great body of Hampshire parsons. I know of no body of men so despicable ; and, yet, what sums of public money do they swallow ! It now remains for me to speak more particularly of BAKER, he who, for your sins I suppose, is fastened upon you as your Parson. But, what I have to say of this man must be the subject of another Letter. That it should be the subject of any letter at all may well surprise all who know the man ; for not one creature knows him without despising him. But, it is not BAKER, it is the scandalous priest, that I strike at. It is the impudent, profligate, hardened priest that I will hold up to public scorn.

452. When I see the good and kind people here going to church to listen to some decent man of good moral character and of sober, quiet life, I always think of you. You are just the same sort of people as they are here ; but what a difference in the Clergymen ! What a difference between the sober, sedate, friendly man who preaches to one of these congregations, and the greedy, chattering, lying, backbiting, mischief making, everlasting plagues, that you go to hear, and are compelled to hear, or stay away from the church. Baker always puts me in mind of the *Magpie*.

The Magpie, bird of chatt'ring fame,
 Whose tongue and hue bespeak his name ;
 The first, a *squalling clam'rous clack*,
 The last made up of white and black ;
 Feeder alike on *flesh and corn*,
 Greedy alike at eve and morn ;
 Of all the birds the *prying pest*,
 Must needs be *Parson* o'er the rest.

453. Thus I began a fable, when I lived at Botley. I have forgotten the rest of it. It will please you to hear, that there are *no Magpies* in America; but, it will please you still more to hear, that no men that resemble them are parsons here. I have sometimes been half tempted to believe, that the Magpie first suggested to tyrants the idea of having a tithe eating Clergy. The Magpie devours the corn, and grain; so does the Parson; the Magpie takes the wool from the sheep's backs; so does the Parson; the Magpie devours alike the young animals and the eggs; so does the Parson; the Magpie's clack is everlastingly going: so is the Parson's; the Magpie repeats by rote words that are taught it; so does the Parson; the Magpie is always skipping and hopping and peeping into others' nests; so is the Parson: the Magpie's colour is partly black and partly white; so is the Parson's; the Magpie's greediness, impudence, and cruelty are proverbial; so are those of the Parson. I was saying to a farmer, the other day, that if theboroughmongers had a mind to ruin America, they would, another time, send over five or six good large flocks of Magpies, instead of five or six of their armies; but, upon second thought, they would do the thing far more effectually by sending over five or six flocks of their Parsons, and getting the people to receive them and cherish them as the *Bulwark of religion*.

END OF PART II.

ide of the sense of all ages and nations. However I resolved be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer.—Reader—if thou wilt do the me, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine serve.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

REMEDIES.

For the cholera morbus.—Take a soft cork and burn it thorough-
in the fire until it ceases to blaze. Mix it up on a plate
with a little milk and water or any thing more agreeable to the
disease—take a tea spoon full and repeat the dose until the dis-
order ceases, which it commonly does on the third application.
I have seen a person in the greatest agony of the bilious cholic
effectually cured with a simple draught of this carbonic prepara-
tion. The remedy is simple and can do no harm even to an
infant.

MEDICUS.

Cure for the Dysentery.—Take one ounce of Rheubarb, 2
drachms English Saffron, 2 do. Cardumen Seed, 1 Nutmeg.
Pound the whole together—put them into a common jug, or
water-bottle, and with them a pint of good French Brandy—
stir the bottle, slightly corked, into a dish kettle or small iron
pot of cold water—hang it over a fire, so that it will heat and
keep hot 12 hours, but not boil. It should be taken on going
to bed. A tea spoon full for those from one to three years old
—2 do. for those from three to six—3 do. for those from six to
twelve—and a table spoonful for grown persons.

This remedy was found very efficacious in 1815—and also
last summer in Trenton.

To cleanse the Teeth and improve the Breath.

To 4 ounces of fresh prepared lime water add 1 drachm of
Peruvian bark, and wash the Teeth with this water in the morn-
ing before breakfast and after supper. It will effectually des-
troy the tartar on the Teeth, and remove the offensive smell
rising from those that are decayed.

A sure Cure for a Cough, if taken in time—J. Randolph, Buckingham County, Virginia?

'Take a handful of the bitter herb called Hoarhound, put it
into two quarts of water, boil it down to one half—after strain-
ing, put in some honey, or molasses—put it on the fire to incor-
porate—then add a little old rum, and cork it up. Take half a
cupful filled up with warm milk; if you cannot readily pro-
cure warm, make cold milk blood warm—take a cup full fasting,
and another about noon, on an empty stomach.'

I used it, and praised be God, it cured me effectually—nor
have I been once day indisposed since.

MAY 4 - 1931

